THE ROYAL

4D.

Published by C. ARTHUR PEARSON Ltd., London, W.C.

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No. 24. Vol. IV.—October, 1900.

You can discover it for yourselves; don't wait for your friends to remark on your yellow and sallow complexion.

Seek relief in time with a BOX-*ER* two of

Beecham's Pills.

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Philosophy of This Life.

WHERE BRITAIN RULES ALL ARE FREE!!

'It is for you to find out why your ears are boxed.'—*Huxley.*

LAUGH, and the WORLD laughs WITH you.
WEEP, and you WEEP ALONE.

DISASTERS are in reality the stepping stones to FUTURE ADVANCEMENT.

IMPURE BLOOD is the groundwork of nearly every form of DISASTROUS DISEASE.

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'

acts as simply, yet just as powerfully, on the animal system as sunshine does on the vegetable world, and REMOVES BY NATURAL MEANS, without hazardous force, all fœtid or POISONOUS MATTER. It is IMPOSSIBLE to OVERSTATE its GREAT VALUE in HEALTH or DISEASE.

It is HEALTH-GIVING, COOLING, REFRESHING, and INVIGORATING, assists the functions of the LIVER, BOWELS, SKIN, and KIDNEYS by Natural Means, and relieves the system of effete Gouty, Rheumatic matter, the groundwork of Fevers and other diseases.

Without such a SIMPLE PRECAUTION the JEOPARDY of LIFE is Immensely Increased.

"I HAVE served for more than a quarter of a century with my regiment in the West Indies and on the West Coast of Africa, and have constantly used ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' I have always found it of the utmost use, especially during the Ashantee War, under Sir Garnet Wolseley. I have been through several epidemics of yellow fever during my military career, but have never had an attack. This I attribute to the use of 'FRUIT SALT,' which I strongly recommend, more especially to those living or travelling in tropical countries."—(Signed) ————, Captain Retired Pay, West India Regt., Spanish Town, Jamaica, 9th April, 1900.

The effect of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' on any DISORDERED and FEVERISH condition is SIMPLY MARVELLOUS. It is, in fact, NATURE'S OWN REMEDY and an UNSURPASSED ONE.

CAUTION.—*See Capsule marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' Without it you have a WORTHLESS imitation.*

Prepared only by J. C. ENO, Ltd., 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, London, S.E., by J. C. ENO'S Patent.

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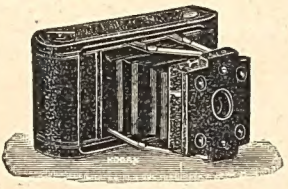
A NEW KODAK.

The No. 1A



FOLDING POCKET KODAK.

Price £2 10s.

NO DARK ROOM IS NEEDED FOR CHANGING THE FILMS.

The new Kodak gives a picture 4¼ins. by 2½ins., yet is extremely light and compact. It opens and closes with one rapid movement. An eminently suitable Camera for ladies, cyclists, and tourists. Write for full illustrated leaflet, post free.

KODAKS from 5/- to £7 7s.

Of all Photographic Dealers, or of—

KODAK, Ltd., 43, Clerkenwell Road, LONDON, E.C.

Retail Branches: 60, Cheapside, E.C.; 115, Oxford Street, W.; 171-173, Regent Street, W.; 59, Brompton Road, W.; also at 96, Bold Street, Liverpool, and 72-74, Buchanan Street, Glasgow.

STONE'S GINGER WINE.

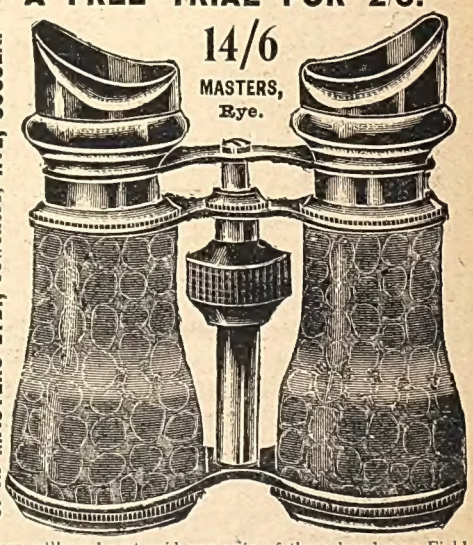
STONE'S GINGER WINE is prepared from the finest Jamaica Ginger, and is a most healthy and palatable drink. **Ginger** is noted for its gentle stimulating properties, and the most convenient form for taking it is **STONE'S GINGER WINE.** Be sure to ask for **STONE'S,** and see that you get it.

Sold by all leading Wine Merchants, Stores, and Grocers, or on draught at Bars and Refreshment Rooms.

Wholesale: **THE FINSBURY DISTILLERY CO., LONDON, E C.**

A FREE TRIAL FOR 2/6.

J. N. MASTERS LTD., Jewellers, RYE, SUSSEX.



WE will send post paid one pair of these handsome Field Glasses, with Crocodile Leather Case and Sling, Price 14/6, to any reader who mentions the ROYAL on receipt of **2/6.**

IF you do not approve of them, we will **return your 2/6** in full.

IF you approve of them, you send us 2/- on receipt, and 2/- each month for 5 months = 14/6.

BUT when you have received the Glasses, should you prefer to send the balance at once, send only 10/6 more, as we allow 1/6 discount to those who pay cash.

OR you may send 13/- at once, and if you do not approve of the Glasses we will **refund the 13/-** if Glasses are returned in 7 days.

Catalogue Watches, Jewellery, Clocks, &c., Post Free.

J. N. MASTERS LTD., Watchmakers & Jewellers, **RYE, SUSSEX.**

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"EASIEPHIT"

HORSE-SKIN BOOTS

ARE SMART, COMFORTABLE, DURABLE, SOFT, WATERTIGHT

Gentlemen's (Smart, Medium, or Broad Toes) 10/6, 15/6, 19/6.

Ladies' (Smart, Medium, or Broad Toes, Lace or Button) 10/6 and 14/6.

Postage, extra: Inland, 6d.; Europe, 2/6; Colonies, 3/6.

Illustrated Price List Post Free.

Send shape of foot on paper, or old boot, and a pair the exact size required will be forwarded by first post. Terms: Cash with order.

SHIPPING ORDERS A SPECIALITY.

Write to-day to

GREENLEES & SONS

341c Argyle St., GLASGOW, and Branches.

Established 1858.

BEDSTEADS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

Large Stock. Quick Delivery.

Direct from Manufactory.

BEDDING,

Spring Mattresses, Cots, &c.

Latest Designs & Improvements

Carriage Paid.

Packed Free.

Discount for Cash.

10 Years' Guarantee Given.

Established 1889.

ILLUSTRATED PRICE LISTS GIVING FULL DETAILS, POST FREE.

Please cut this Adv't out for future reference and mention magazine.

CHARLES RILEY, MOOR ST., BIRMINGHAM.

FOR PLEASURE AND PROFIT

FRUIT

NOTHING SO PROFITABLE AND EASY TO GROW.

80 ACRES of SALEABLE TREES.

SEEDS

THE BEST PROCURABLE.

Lists Free.

ROSES

HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS.

Bushes in variety. Packing and Carriage Free, for cash with order.

8s. per doz., **60s.** per 100.

All other Nursery Stock carriage forward.

ROSES IN POTS From 15/- a doz.

Ornamental Trees, 91 Acres.
A Superb Collection of Herbaceous Plants,
Four Acres of Glass.
Clematis (80,000) from 15/- doz.

N.B.—Single Plants are sold at slightly increased prices.

GENERAL CATALOGUE

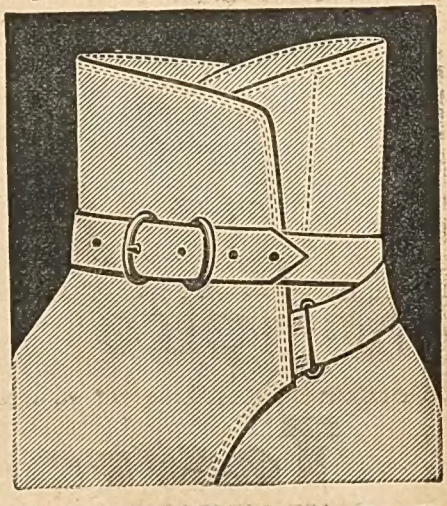
(Nearly 200 pages) of Nursery Stock artistically produced, containing some hundreds of illustrations, and full of valuable information, free on receipt of 4d. for postage. Please mention this Paper.

RICHARD SMITH & Co., WORCESTER.

A GOOD IDEA

SEEN AT A GLANCE.

You are probably one of those men who have worn in turn laced and buttoned Boots, and have pretty well settled down to one of these methods of fastening, simply because you have not yet found anything better. We have found a better way, and are making Boots with a fastening (as shown in the illustration below) that supersedes both buttons and laces.



SOUTHALLS PATENT BOOTS

being without laces, and simply fastened by a Strap round the ankle, give you that comfortable feeling in walking that every man wants. They are dressy on fine days. A guarantee against wet penetrating to the socks through the lace holes in wet weather. Just the very Boot you require.

Boots made from Customers own lasts.

GIVE US A TRIAL ORDER.

London Address—35, Norfolk St., Strand, W.C.

where Catalogues may be had and measurements taken for Boots.

BLACK BOX CALF, good plain Boot, **14/6.**
GLACE KID, stylish, very light Boot, **15/6.**
Black or Brown.

Postage 6d extra British Isles; 2/- Europe; 3/6 Colonies.

Write for Illustrated Catalogue and Self-measurement Form (free) to

SOUTHALL & Co., Dept. 17,
KIRKSTALL ROAD, LEEDS.

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Smoke

TORTOISE-SHELL MIXTURE

The Purest and Best Smoking Mixture ever produced.

SOLD EVERYWHERE IN PACKETS AND TINS ONLY.

MILD With Silver Shield **MEDIUM STRENGTH** Green Shield

ALSO

TORTOISE-SHELL CIGARETTES

The Highest Class Virginia Cigarettes Procurable.

W. A. & A. C. CHURCHMAN, Ipswich, London, and Norwich.

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UNDER THE ROYAL PATRONAGE OF

H.M. THE QUEEN OF GREECE.
H.R.H. PRINCESS MARIE OF GREECE.
H.R.H. THE DUKE OF SPARTA.

H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF SPARTA.
H.R.H. PRINCESS HOHENLOHE.
H.R.H. PRINCE GEORGE OF GREECE.
(*High Commissioner of Crete*), &c., &c.

EDWARDS' "HARLENE" FOR THE HAIR.

THE GREAT HAIR PRODUCER & RESTORER.

The Finest Dressing Specially Prepared and Delicately Perfumed.

A Luxury and a Necessity to Every Modern Toilet.

"HARLENE"

Produces Luxuriant Hair. Prevents its Falling Off or Turning Grey. Unequalled for Promoting the Growth of the Beard and Moustache. The Renowned Remedy for Baldness. For Preserving, Strengthening, and Rendering the Hair Beautifully Soft; for Removing Scurf, Dandruff, &c., also for restoring Grey Hair to its Original Colour.

Full Description and Directions for Use in 20 Languages supplied with every Bottle.

1s., 2s. 6d., and (3 times 2s. 6d. size) 4s. 6d. per Bottle, from Chemists, Hairdressers, and Stores all over the World; or sent direct on receipt of P.O.

EDWARDS' "HARLENE" CO., 95 & 96, High Holborn, LONDON, W.C.

A HOUSEHOLD NECESSITY.

It touches the SPOT!

Of all Chemists, 1/1½ and 2/9 per box.

Homocea

Heals

Burns, Boils, Bruises, Bites and Broken Skin; Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Cuts and Colds; Stings, Scalds, Scratches, Swellings, Sores; Tooth-ache, Piles.

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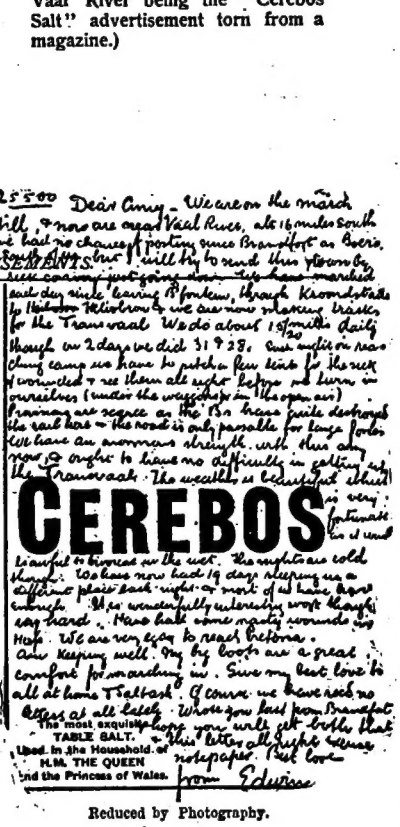
A LETTER

From the Front

(The only notepaper available near Vaal River being the "Cerebos Salt" advertisement torn from a magazine.)



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"Sweet are the uses of advertisement."

ELECTRICITY

offers the greatest opportunities for advancement to-day.

We can teach anyone at home by mail to **Become an ELECTRICAL ENGINEER** or to learn Telephony, Electric Lighting, Electric Railway; also Mechanical Engineering, Mechanical Drawing. Fit yourself to start in a new profession at a better salary. Write for our free, illustrated book, entitled **"Can I Become An Electrical Engineer?"**

The ELECTRICAL ENGINEER INSTITUTE OF CORRESPONDENCE INSTRUCTION,
Dept. 29, 240-242, West 23rd Street, New York, U.S.A.

NO MORE CORNS OR TENDER FEET!

(SEE TESTIMONIALS BELOW.)

Made with strong Plaited Jute Soles, which will last much longer than Leather, with ordinary wear. Comfortable, healthful, noiseless. Mr. MASON writes (21/5/98): *"Got a pair three years ago, and have worn them every day since."* Mr. MAKER writes (29/11/98): "Find them very comfortable for factory use, as I do a lot of standing." They are also very much in demand by electric light workers, nurses, hotel and asylum attendants, &c.

Enclose Length of Walking Shoe. Prices (post free).

Colour—White, Black, or Brown.	Children's	Ladies'.	Gent's.
A. Plain Shoes (without strapping) ...	1/6	1/9	2/-
D. Superior Canvas (as per illustration)	—	2/6	2/9
E. Velvet Uppers (Black)	—	3/-	3/3
Felt Slippers, best quality (Black) ...	1/-	1/3	1/6
Canvas Leather Soled Shoes (Superior) ...	3/6	4/-	4/6
Rubber Shoes (Brown or White)	—	3/6	3/6
Superior Red Rubber (Brown Canvas only)	—	—	5/6

Off 3 pairs at one time we allow 2d. per pair.

PATENT CANVAS SHOE CO., 95B, Bath St., Glasgow

Illustrated Catalogue of Novelties, post free, 1d.

FRILLED BUTTER MUSLIN.

FOR ARTISTIC HOME DECORATION. White, Cream, Ecru, and 12 Art Shades. CURTAINS, frilled 2 sides and bottom, 3 yards long, 56in. wide, 6d. 9d. per pair. *May also be had by the yard, 56 inches wide, frilled both sides, 11½d yard,*

Sample Book of Plain and Fancy Muslins sent on approval. ROLLER BLINDS, edged with Lace or Fringe, from 4s. each. Samples of Materials on approval. Roman Carpets, *Tapestries*, Cretonnes, Art Silks, Art Linens, Plushettes, Art Serges, &c. Patterns on approval. Table Covers, Cushion Squares, and Mantel Borders. *Picture Book of Lace Curtains, Roller Blinds, Heavy Curtains, Carpets, Rugs, Mats, Stair Pads, Linoleum, Cork Carpet, &c. post free.*

H. GORRINGE & CO., 67a Dept., NOTTINGHAM.

MARTINS - BIRMINGHAM, LIMITED.

HAVE YOU TRIED KEATING'S LOZENGES FOR YOUR COUGH?

ANY DOCTOR WILL TELL YOU "there is no better Cough Medicine."—One gives relief: if you suffer from cough try them but once; they *will* cure, and they *will not* injure your health; an increasing sale of over 60 years is a certain test of their value. Sold in 1s¼d. tins.

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COX'S "Elfin" JELLIES.

Latest and Best,
Perfectly Pure, and of High Uniform Quality.

Prepared from COX'S FAMOUS GELATINE of BRITISH MANUFACTURE. They are as cheap as any other Tablet Jellies, despite the high quality of the material used. COX'S "ELFIN" JELLIES will be found far and away Superior to other Tablets, which are often made from cheap foreign gelatines, and inferior material.

COX'S "ELFIN" JELLIES can be made in a few minutes. They are delightfully flavoured, and form a delicate, dainty dish for Luncheon, Dinner, or Supper. Send a postcard (naming your Grocer) and you will receive a free sample.

J. & G. COX, Ltd. (OF EDINBURGH), **Eastcheap Buildings, London, E.C.**

IMPORTANT NOTE.—Though J. & G. Cox, Ltd., believe they are justified in claiming that the tablet jelly is the finest on the market, they wish to point out that, for best results, every cook should use "Cox's SPARKLING GELATINE," with which a hundred other dainty dishes can also be prepared.

A BOON FOR SUFFERERS FROM ANÆMIA.

Cheltine

ANÆMIC FOOD.

CHELTINE
ANÆMIC FOOD

By its use the blood is quickly regenerated, the colour becomes normal. The drooping strength is revived. The languor diminished. Health, vigour, and tone predominate. New life and happy activity result. The attention of Physicians is especially directed to this novel preparation. PERFECT, EFFICACIOUS, and CERTAIN. It acts quicker than physic, is cheaper, and far more pleasant. Sufferers should send at once for sample. Price in Tins, 1/- and 2/6 each. Of all chemists.

APPLY TO THE WORKS FOR SAMPLES AND FIRST SUPPLIES POST FREE.

Address: The MANAGER (Dept. B), Cheltine Works, CHELTENHAM.

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Southalls' Sanitary Towels

Ladies on Tour or at Home should ask for

"SOUTHALLS"

"**Southalls'**" are manufactured by the **original** Patentees according to their improved patent, and are the best made articles of this class, therefore always ask for "Southalls' Sanitary Towels"; if you simply ask for "Sanitary Towels" inferior makes will probably be offered you, so for your own protection always ask for

"SOUTHALLS"

SOUTHALLS' "SANITARY TOWELS" are

Absorbent,

Antiseptic,

AND

Downy Softness.

Sample free from the Lady Manager, 17, Bull St., Birmingham

A copy of "HINTS ON HOME NURSING" by Sister Eva, sent post free to any Lady mentioning this paper.

From all Drapers, Ladies Outfitters and Chemists.

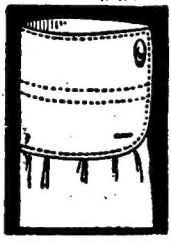
Sold in packets containing one doz. from **6d.** to **2/-** each.

TWO SHIRTS FOR THE PRICE OF ONE.

IMPROVED WHITE SHIRTS

(UNDRESSED)

WITH REVERSIBLE CUFFS.



The reversible cuffs of these shirts enable them to be worn **twice**, and the wearer thus obtains practically two shirts for the price of one. A boon to all who appreciate snow-white wrist linen daily, and who object to the annoyance of detachable cuffs. It is in every way a "perfect" shirt, and fits without a crease. Sheaths the wrists with comfort, adds a grace to the hands, and looks the very perfection of neatness and smartness. Made only in one quality—the best, at one price—the lowest—**3/11.** To open in front or behind as preferred. In ordering, please state size of collar.

Sample Shirt, **3/11**; ½ doz., **11/6**; ¼ doz., **22/6**; post free.

FREE SAMPLE COLLAR! To introduce our best four-fold Irish linen collars, we will give Sample Collar, post free, to every gentleman sending trial order for our Improved Shirts. State size, depth, and shape required. All collars are made to FIT our shirts.

HOWITSON & EARSMAN, Shirt Makers, 3, Ranelagh Pl., Liverpool.

Trial Bottle, Post Free **7D.**

TO COLOUR

GREY HAIR

SHADELINE, guaranteed permanent, washable and absolutely harmless. Will not burn the hair or produce unnatural tint. Detection impossible. Contains no lead, silver, sulphur, &c. Trial Bottle 7d., post free. (Sent secretly packed.) State colour required.

N. M. ALEXANDRE (Est. 1861), 30, Wes bourne Grove, London, W.

RIDGE'S FOOD

Satisfying.
Strengthening.
Soothing for Infants.
Agreeable.
Digestible.
Nourishing.

LOW PRICES.

GALVD. COMBINED MESH NETTING.

20 per cent. cheaper than ordinary netting.

ESTABLISHED 1826.

ORNAMENTAL PALISADING. N°247.

IRON FENCING

BAYLISS, JONES AND BAYLISS. WOLVERHAMPTON.

LONDON SHOW ROOMS: 139 & 141 CANNON ST. E.C.

CATALOGUES FREE

LAWN TENNIS AND POULTRY FENCING.

DOG KENNEL RAILING.

WIRE FENCING.

IRON BARROWS.

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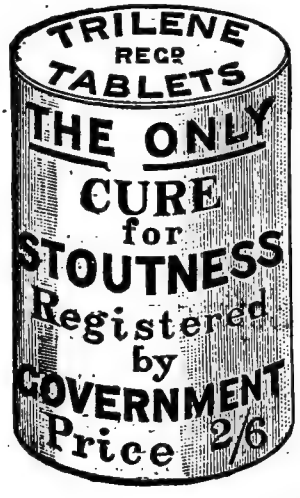
ALL FAT PEOPLE

Can be CURED by taking

TRILENE TABLETS

(Regd.)

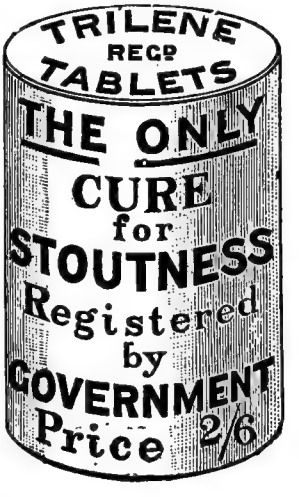


for a few weeks. They will safely REDUCE WEIGHT and CURE CORPULENCY PERMANENTLY, whether Abdominal or General. They are small, agreeable, harmless, sent privately, and never fail to improve both Health and Figure without change of Diet.

An ENGLISH COUNTESS writes:
"Your Trilene Tablets act admirably."

Send 2s. 6d. to Mr. M. Wells, The Trilene Association, 66, Finsbury Pavement, London.

An Interesting Book on Obesity accompanies each Box.



SAMPLES OF TESTIMONIALS.

Countess Seckendorff, of Berlin, writes: "I have taken Tablets with success, and am recommending them to friends."

Mrs. Drew, of 1, Bellevue Gardens, The Nursery, Devizes, writes: "I took Tablets some years ago; they soon reduced me, and I have not got stout since. Send a box for my mother."

Miss Northledge, The Laurels, Riseholme Road, Lincoln, says: "The Tablets reduced me 1st., so that I am cured."

Colour-Sergeant Whittle, of East Lancashire Regiment, Burnley, Lancs., says: "A man in our regiment in 1891 lost several stone from taking your Tablets."

Mrs. Darnley Smith, of Landscove Vicarage, Ashburton, writes: "Trilene Tablets have reduced my weight very much. I am so much lighter in every way, and better in health."

"87, Alexandra Road, Norwich, 19th Oct., 1896.

"GENTLEMEN,—In reference to Trilene Tablets, I may say that my wife found the greatest possible benefit from the use of them, and their action was rapid, as my wife was for many years growing too stout, but the Tablets soon reduced the same completely. You have our united thanks, and if I can do anything to promote your interests, I will freely use my utmost endeavours to do so.

"Yours faithfully, **J. R. Canham.**"

Princess Liechtenstein of Landsberg, Austria, writes: "Pray send me your Tablets directly."

Lady Constance Conrad writes from Wiesbaden: "I am highly pleased with your Tablets."

Countess **Furstenberg** writes: "The Tablets act speedily and well."

Extract from **"The Lady,"** 3rd Sept. 1896: "Many stout persons have suffered untold agonies in unavailing efforts to reduce their bulk, either by means of severe dieting or by taking more or less deleterious drugs; but all these pains would have been saved if they had only invested in a case of the wonderful Trilene Tablets, which are guaranteed absolutely harmless, containing neither mercury, arsenic, nor any other mineral poison, and which are an unfailing Cure for Obesity."

Mrs. T. Boston, Cambridge Villas, Clifford Street, South Wigston says: "I congratulate you on your wonderful Tablets. My weight at first starting them was 11st. 7lb., and I now weigh 9st. 11lb."

West Cornforth, Ferryhill.

Mr. William Usher says: "A sister of mine, who was 17st., was greatly reduced by your Tablets to 15st."

"77, Hindhill Street, Heywood, 5th February, 1898.

"GENTLEMEN,—Your Tablets work wonderfully in curing obesity. I have not quite finished the box, and am 2lb. lighter. The change is so great that several friends have begun the treatment, which not only reduces fat, but strengthens rheumatic joints—at least, such has been the case with me.

"(Signed) **M. A. Heywood (Miss).**"

Mrs. Weaver, of Greenpits Villa, Station Road, Ross, Hereford, says: "I wish to say I have been reduced from 13st. 8lb. to 11st. by your Tablets, and can recommend them highly. You can use this publicly if you wish."

G. A. Gale, Esq., of Bothenhampton, Bridport, says: "Tablets most beneficial, and greatly reduced my weight. I feel better generally."

Father T. M. Byrne, of Holy Cross Abbey, Sligo, writes: "When I began your Tablets I was 12st. 5lb.; I now scale at 10st. 11lb.—my case, too, is hereditary."

Mrs. Alexander, of 102, Dixon Street, New Swindon, says: "They have reduced me 2st.; in fact I am quite cured."

Mrs. Mary Williams, of Old Yard, near Bedol, Bagillt, Wales, writes: "I have lost 28lb., and will do my best to make them known."

Miss Patient, of Woodberry, Theydon Bois: "Feel great benefit from Tablets. I have lost 2st., and am sufficiently reduced."

Mrs. James Smith, of Cowell Terrace, Soham, says: "Your 2s. 6d. box of Tablets reduced my weight 12lb."

Mrs. Crossley, of Rose Hill, Torver, near Coniston, says: "There is a very decided diminution of fat. I am delighted. I cannot praise Tablets too highly. My heart is better, and I can breathe so much easier. You may refer to me as often as you like."

Mrs. C. Alexander, 102, Dixon Street, New Swindon, Wilts, writes: "Tablets have reduced me quite 28 lbs."

Mrs. W. A. Radford, High Street, New Brinsley, Eastwood, says: "Before taking your Tablets, I was 46in. round waist. I am now 32in., and can get about in comfort, and hope soon to be 24in. You may use this as you please."

THE TRILENE ASSOCIATION, 66, FINSBURY PAVEMENT, LONDON.

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Over 70 Years' Established Reputation.

THE BEST AND CHEAPEST INFANTS' FOOD.

NEAVE'S FOOD

FOR

INFANTS, GROWING CHILDREN, INVALIDS, AND THE AGED.

SIR CHAS. A. CAMERON, M.D., Ex-President of the Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland.

"This is an excellent Food, admirably adapted to the wants of Infants and Young Persons, and being rich in phosphates and potash, is of the greatest utility in supplying the bone-forming and other indispensable elements of food."

If the directions given on each tin are followed, the infantile system may be regulated without the aid of medicine.

A MOST NUTRITIOUS FOOD FOR NURSING MOTHERS.

HENDERSON'S Peralia REG'D

BEAUTIFIES THE COMPLEXION INSTANTLY

For clearing the skin from Spots, Blemishes, Redness, Roughness, Freckles, Tan, &c., leaving it spotless, smooth, and natural. By using Henderson's Peralia regularly, the skin is brought into a proper normal condition. Healthy, soft, beautiful, transparent. Gives the hands, arms, face, and neck a healthy white appearance. Beautifies the skin instantly. Used by ladies and gentlemen of all classes. Procurable at all Chemists and Hairdressers, or send for it direct. 1/-, 1/6, and 2/6. Postage in each case 3d. extra.

Use Henderson's Peralia for RED NOSES.

CRIMPOLINE HAIR CURLING FLUID.

Curls the hair naturally in a few days. The hair will always remain curly. Note.—Crimpoline cur's the hair permanently. No tongs needed. Other curling fluids **only** keep the hair in curl. Crimpoline is not greasy or sticky. See that you get Crimpoline. Have no other, or you will be disappointed.

Procurable at all Chemists and Hairdressers, or send for it direct. 1/9 and 2/6 per bottle. 3d. extra for postage.

Makers of Machines for Altering Ugly Noses, price 10/-. Elevators for increasing the height, making little people tall, 5/6 pair.

PERALIA PERFUMERY CO., 72 and 73, Camden Street (R.M.), North Shields, England. Foreign Orders punctually attended to. PRICE LIST POST FREE.

TOO STOUT

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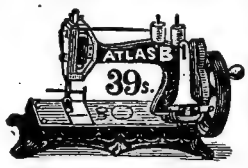

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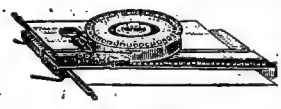

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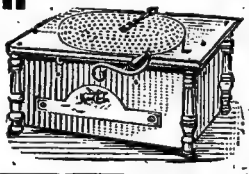

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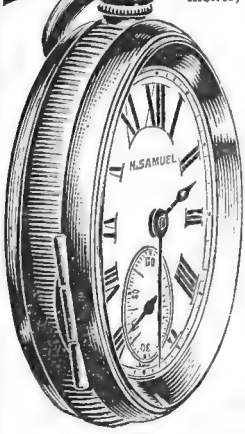

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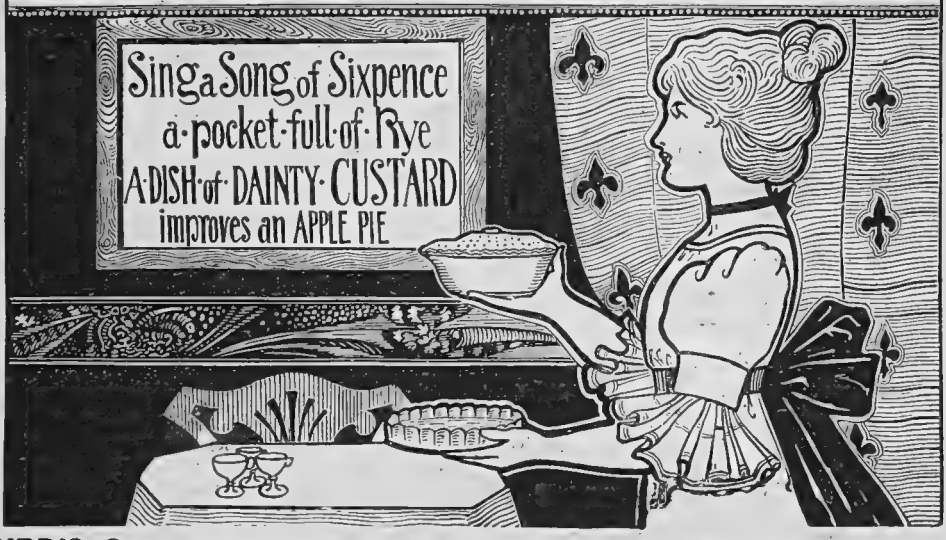

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THE ROYAL MAGAZINE.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

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The Editor will always be ready to consider contributions, whether literary or pictorial, and, where stamps are enclosed, will make every endeavour to ensure their safe return in the event of their proving unsuitable, although he cannot hold himself responsible for any MSS. or drawings or photographs sent on approval.

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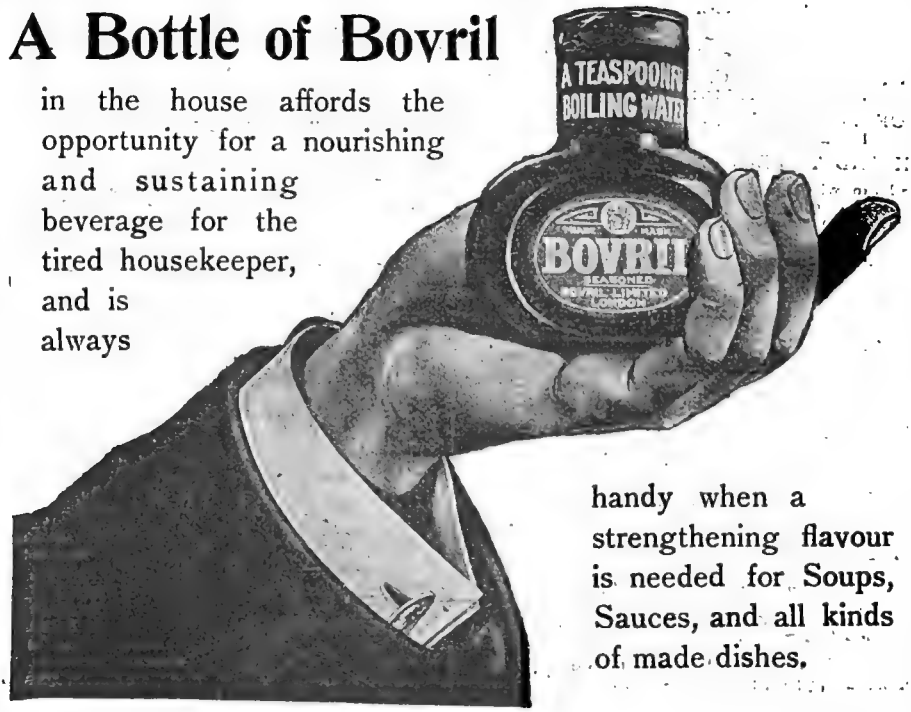

handy when a strengthening flavour is needed for Soups, Sauces, and all kinds of made dishes.

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Photo by C. F. Inslow

WHEN WILL HE COME?

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Photo by Lafayette.

THE ART OF THE CAMERA

By Roderick Grey.

Cameras on the Continent.

The use of a camera has, on the Continent, to be conducted with a certain degree of circumspection. The mania for imagining that an individual armed with a camera is a spy is quite real. There are, in fact, times and places when and where it is unwise to use a camera. I must say that one can scarcely cavil at this. It is all very well here in Great Britain to scoff at the idea of spies; there are such individuals, and a considerable number of them. But there is, with respect to our tight little island, a big limit to the evil spies can do. That limit is the fact that an invasion of our country is dependent on the successful landing of a hostile army.

It's all very well for the French or the Germans to know every stick and stone of the fortifications of the Solent or Plymouth or the internal workings of some of our arsenals and dockyards. Before they can derive much benefit they have to effect a landing. Mind you, I, for one, humbly hold that we are much too lax in guarding our national secrets. We allow visitors to come and go with but very slight credentials. I am sorry to realise that the fact of a man being a Briton is not invariably a *sine qua non* of honour and patriotism. There are renegade Englishmen, and Irishmen and Scotchmen, and one may be quite certain that the foreign powers are not blind to this.

The Camera as the Notebook of the Spy.

Each one of the great Continental powers is in a very different position to what we are. None of the powers has a broad belt of water forming the finest and most secure of all bulwarks. Their frontiers are imaginary lines running along chains of hills or mountains, across valleys, along rivers and across open plains. Posts mark the frontiers and great forts are the guardians.

Photo by John H. Coath.

A Basketful.

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Vol. IV.—October, 1900.—No. 24.

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Photo by W. & D. Downey.

THE GREEK MAIDEN.

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I am not a military expert, but I believe there are no more wonderful forts in existence than those on the Franco-German frontier. Obviously their existence is well known, but equally obvious is it that, as far as possible, the details of each fortress are profound secrets. Consequently to be discovered taking photographs or making sketches of such places is a heinous offence.

Britishers have a reputation on the Continent for calmly ignoring the susceptibilities of the people in whose country they find themselves. There is a deal of justification for this. I have been heartily ashamed to see how fellow-countrymen of mine can misconduct themselves abroad with respect to the little details of life whether it be in going to the best parts of a theatre in tweed suits or shouting, and not infrequently swearing, at the waiters in the hotels.

When, however, such gentry are not content with ignoring the sentiments of the people they are amongst, but proceed to ignore, if not their laws, at any rate their State regulations, they have only themselves to thank for the rows they may get into. I am quite aware of the fact that in many instances people, for no cause whatever, have been subjected to vast discomfort by being arrested and brought before the authorities merely for being in possession of a camera whilst unconsciously wandering near some forbidden quarter. But I am very inclined to think that as often as not these apparently most innocent and ingenuous victims have for sheer bravado tempted Providence in the shape of the military officials, and in the hope of getting a snap-shot of which they can subsequently boast.

Photo by Madame Lallie Charles.

The Parasol.

The Right to Photograph in our Streets.

I WONDER how many people realise that no one has a right to take photographs in our own streets. All a photographer has a right to do is to "pass along," as our friend the constable expresses it, like an ordinary law-abiding pedestrian. A man may use the Queen's highway in a usual and reasonable manner, and that is all. Taking photographs cannot be regarded as the usual way to make use of a highway; and, therefore, it is not, strictly speaking, a reasonable way.

Photo by John H. Coath.

Tempting Neddy.

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As a matter of fact, no objection is taken so long as the photographer causes nothing in the way of an obstruction. If he does, and the attention of a policeman is attracted, off the enthusiast has to go. He has, in fact, no right to stay. The justification for the attitude of the law towards the camera becomes obvious if one imagines an amateur with a full-plate camera on a heavy stand, or even armed only with a hand-camera, taking up a position in the centre of the Strand, or some other busy London thoroughfare, and then proceeding to take photographs.

From a Photo.

A Broiling Day.

Photographing in Cemeteries.

WHILST on the subject of what rights a photographer has, I might as well add a word or two with respect to the right to take photographs in cemeteries. How far the law I am going to lay down is settled law I am not altogether prepared to swear. For the matter of that, who can confidently swear to the certainty of anything legal except the Queen's taxes?

Under ordinary circumstances I doubt whether the right of a person to photograph a grave belonging to him would be disputed. The right to photograph someone else's probably would be. But suppose, as is not altogether infrequent, the cemetery company has let the right to photograph in the cemetery. Could a man in such a cemetery photograph his own family grave. No.

The law seems to hold that the purchase of a grave is subject to the right being sold to a photographer. Now it stands to reason that if the purchaser was told of the photographer's right when he bought the grave there could be no possible question. But suppose the sale was subject to the regulations of the company without a specific mention of the photographing question. Well, in that case the purchaser would be bound by the regulations, assuming them to be reasonable; and the regulation whereby the exclusive right to photograph is given to a photographer is not likely to be regarded as unreasonable.

All the owner of a grave has a right to do is to pass and repass in a reasonable and usual manner along the cemetery paths. To take up his stand on them or on any adjoining ground would be trespass.

Developing.

THE art of the camera is the art of developing. Such a statement reads very nicely and, really and truly, I think there is much truth in it. No amount of skill in developing will, of course, make

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Photo by Madame Lallie Charles.

ROSES.

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a picture out of a fogged plate or a snapshot made in the dusk. No degree of skill in developing will affect the composition of the subject. If you photograph your best friend, who, proud of her small feet, but ignorant of the vagaries of a camera, has put them out well in front of her, nothing you can do in the dark room will reduce their size. The liberal use of your trimmer on the final print is the only remedy.

Photo by F. Ollo.

On the Sands.

But still, it is wonderful what an expert can do in the way of helping his negative during development. With the inexpert amateur the probabilities are that his negative requires more drastic treatment than does that of the expert, for the latter has exercised great skill when exposing the plate.

The difficulty with most amateurs is to tell under-exposure, over-exposure, under-development and over-development, the one from the other, and of these I shall say something at some future time.

The Panoramic Camera.

Last month I referred to the new camera which the Kodak people have put on the market. I praised it, and, having become still further acquainted with it, I find it improves on acquaintance. Apart from the exceedingly pretty shape of the pictures, the panoramic cameras give the most comprehensive view of any scene or incident any camera possibly can give. Their limitation is with respect to anything in the way of a long horizontal

Photo by John H. Coath.

Happy as a King.

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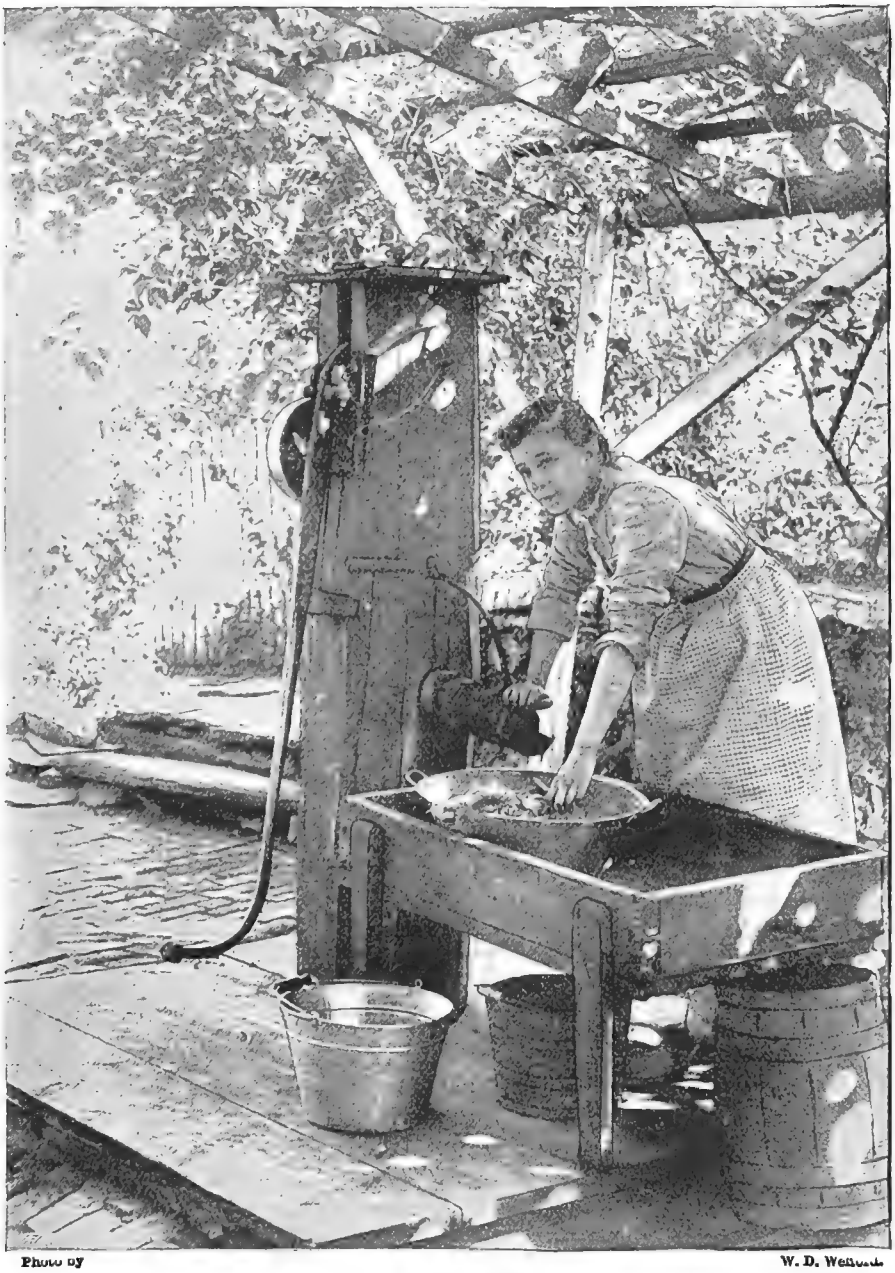

Photo by W. D. Welford.

The Garden Pump.

line high above the horizon or in the very foreground. The films, of course, are exposed on the form of the arc of a circle, and if you bend the picture back into a curve the curved lines become straight.

Quite lately when passing in a steamer along the beautiful coast of Guernsey, with its lofty granite rocks, green-crowned cliffs, and little groups of picturesque cottages nestling by the bays and in the hollows, I bemoaned the fact that I had no camera with me which could do justice to so fair a scene. Never again will I go on my travels without a panoramic camera.

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A STRATEGIC MOVEMENT.

By Hylda M. Robins.

Author of "Neapolitan Violets," "A Royal Heirloom," &c.

I.

"Women are ticklish creatures, my friend, and require as much strategy as any great military movement. Treat the woman you love as you would the enemy on the battle-field, and in nine cases out of ten you will find yourself the victor."

Colonel Forsyth laughed, for the opinions of the old general on the subject of the fair sex were always amusing and worth listening to.

"You speak from experience, doubtless?" he suggested.

"Well, yes! yes!" assented General Brabazon, with a faint smile which showed his thoughts had wandered into the past. "I confess I've had a fair share of little *affaires de cœur*, and, judging from my own experience, I'm fully convinced there's as much strategy needed in love as there is in warfare. Take a high hand with a woman and she always likes you the better for it. Show her you are her master and will stand no nonsense, and then when you are in possession of the field, issue a proclamation to the effect that she shall enjoy the ordinary privileges under British rule. Take my word for it, she'll surrender her arms soon enough."

Colonel Forsyth laughed again.

"But you've got to get possession of the field first," he remarked, with a rueful remembrance of the attack and defeat he had suffered only an hour or so before in a certain Mayfair drawing-room. "Tell me how to do that first, then I'll issue the proclamation at once."

"Ah, my dear Forsyth—that's where the strategy comes in. Your question springs no doubt from personal motives. Tell me all about it and I shall then understand the situation better."

The Colonel removed his cigar from his lips and looked for a moment through the club window at the rush of traffic in Piccadilly.

"There's not much to tell," he said at length. "She won't look at me—that's all—and when I try to speak the important words she turns them off in some way or other and often ends by laughing. And yet—and yet—I'm certain that she cares for me really."

The General rubbed his hand gleefully.

"A very favourable subject for an experiment," he said. "Why not decamp for a while and let her think you have cleared out. The tables will soon turn then, and she will be after you instead of you after her, I dare swear."

The younger man shook his head.

"That would not do," he said. "She would soon console herself with someone else. She's not the kind to be drawn like that."

"No? Well, treat her like a besieged town and starve her out. Hem her round by your presence at every turn, and let no other man get near her, until from sheer desperation she gives in."

Forsyth shook his head again, for neither of the ideas appealed to him at all.

"Take her by storm then," continued the General. "Women like being taken by storm; or else try the very old trick of going on with someone else. Make a feint and draw her

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into danger by letting her think you have changed your mind. It often throws them off their guard, and makes them disclose their real feelings."

Colonel Forsyth meditated for a minute over the latter proposal, and it seemed to find favour in his eyes; then he rose and stretched himself with a movement preparatory to departure, due, perhaps, to the rather sultry atmosphere of the club smoking room, but even more likely to the sight of a certain victoria bowling down Piccadilly.

"Well!" he said, "I will think over what you say, and if I take your advice will let you know the result. Good-bye, for the present, and many thanks. Shall see you to-morrow, I expect."

The General watched him go, and as the door closed behind him, he smiled.

II.

Mrs. Tremaine was sitting under the trees near Stanhope Gate when Colonel Forsyth entered the Park, and as he caught sight of the pretty niece by her side he was quick to remember General Brabazon's last suggestion.

As a matter of course he went and joined them, but as he pulled one of the iron chairs across the grass, it was by the side of the pretty niece he placed it, instead of by Esther Tremaine.

"Have you been here long, Miss Farwell?" he asked, looking under the girl's shady hat into her blue eyes with genuine admiration and hardly vouchsafing a glance at the beautiful widow beyond. "I thought you told me you had half-a-dozen teas to get through."

"So we had," she replied, "but we preferred the fresh air, and, after all, there is rather a sameness about such things."

"Yes, indeed! This is far more amusing. You are not crushed to pieces here as you would be in a drawing-room, and moreover"—with a glance at the people strolling along in front of them—"the Park affords you such delightful opportunities of criticising your friends. See that man in front of you, for instance. He has made his fortune in soap, and is now looking about for an aristocratic wife to endow with it. Nothing beneath an Earl's daughter will content him now, and, by Jove! I'm sorry for the poor girl who has to marry him. He is a horrible type of man, and you can't touch pitch without getting defiled."

"But you can touch soap and become clean, can't you?" asked Violet Farwell.

"Women are ticklish creatures, my friend, and require as much strategy as any great military movement."

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"But you can touch soap and become clean, can't you?" asked Violet Farwell.

They both laughed a little, and the sound made the third member of the little party feel as though she were left out in the cold. She had become so accustomed to this man's undivided attention ever since she had known him, that it was something new to hear him laughing and talking with another girl in her neighbourhood.

"I would not marry him with all his millions," continued Forsyth. "His shiny face always exasperates me so. I often wonder if he uses his own soap to get that beautiful polish on it. On a warm day it positively glows. It *is* hot this afternoon, too. Just the kind of day one ought to be in the country, instead of dusty London."

"Why don't you go, then? There is nothing to keep you in town if you don't want to stay." It was Mrs. Tremaine who spoke, and Colonel Forsyth fancied he noticed a touch of acrimony in her tone.

"But I do want to stay," he said. "In fact, I have a great desire to remain in London just now."

"And why?" turning towards him with a faint show of interest.

As she asked the question Violet Farwell espied some friends of her's just a little way in front, and when she went across to join them Colonel Forsyth slipped into her vacant chair.

"Why do I want to stay!" he repeated, resuming the conversation the girl's departure had interrupted for the moment. "Because I have a little scheme on hand I want to carry out. I wonder"—musingly—"if you would help me?"

"Of course I will help you if I can," and there was a gentle encouraging sound in her voice.

He drew his chair a little closer.

"Will you really? Well, my scheme is this. I want to get married, and, if possible, to bring the whole thing off before the end of the season."

Her grey eyes flashed a little, then fell before his searching glance.

"But—but how can I help you to do that?" she asked hesitatingly.

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"In this way. You see I don't have many opportunities of speaking to her alone, and you could make them for me."

She busied herself with the tassel of her sunshade, and he studied her clear-cut profile meanwhile.

"How?"

"Why, by arranging that I should go into dinner with her if you have the chance, or that I should sit next her at a theatre party perhaps. Ladies have more tact than men as a rule, and often manage these things better. I only want the opportunity to propose; give me that, and I will do the rest alone."

Her lashes quivered on her cheek. What better opportunity could he have than this one? They were in the midst of a huge crowd of people, yet practically alone, and it was not likely anything he said could be overheard.

"When shall it be?" she asked, turning her face towards him for the first time.

"As soon as you can manage it. I am sure you will agree with me that Miss Farwell is a prize worth winning."

The colour fled from her cheeks and her pallor stood revealed beneath his watchful eyes.

"Miss Farwell!" she repeated in an astonished way. "Do you mean to say you want to marry Violet Farwell?"

"Why not? She is one in a thousand. I have often heard you say so yourself."

Her breath came and went a little quicker than usual. Was it to see pretty Violet Farwell that he had haunted her house for the last six weeks?

"She is, indeed!" recovering her self control with an effort. "And if you have made up your mind I will do my best to help you. We have a box at the Opera to-night. What do you say to joining us?"

He bowed gravely.

"I shall be delighted, thanks! What! must you be going now?" as Violet Farwell rejoined them and she rose from her seat. "Well, I shall see you again to-night. Many thanks for your kind promise of assistance."

He watched them stroll away across the grass with a faint smile of triumph on his lips, and that night General Brabazon received a telegram which made him laugh and chuckle to himself.

"*Had slight skirmish with enemy this afternoon. Routed her with great slaughter.*"

III.

It was a week later, and those people who took the trouble to observe Mrs. Tremaine closely, noticed that a distinct change had come over her; for the old light-hearted manner seemed to have left her, and there was a look in her eyes which told of wakeful nights and troubled thoughts.

Colonel Forsyth had been at her house more often than ever, yet no engagement was announced so far, and Mrs. Tremaine dare not trust herself to speak to her niece on a subject which was so near her own heart.

It was one Saturday evening at Hurlingham that matters finally came to a climax, when the people were strolling about the lighted grounds after dinner, and the Blue Hungarians playing a swinging valse under the trees.

"Well! Have you any news to give me?" asked Mrs. Tremaine, as she and Colonel Forsyth, who was her host for the evening, wandered down by the river a little away from the rest of the people. "I have been expecting to hear your engagement announced daily."

He removed his cigar from his lips, and regarded it meditatively before he answered.

"No!" he replied at length. "I am not engaged yet."

"And why not? You told me you were only waiting for an opportunity to propose, and though I have given you plenty during the last week, you don't seem to have done it."

"No! I have not proposed yet. I—I thought I had better be quite certain she would have me before I spoke."

"Oh!" Mrs. Tremaine could think of nothing else to say at the moment.

"Do you think she will?" throwing his cigar into the river and facing her suddenly.

"My dear Colonel Forsyth! How should I know? Why don't you go and ask her yourself? These sort of things are not usually done by proxy."

"I thought of doing so to-night."

"By all means. Go to her now. She is talking to Sir Gerald Craven up by the band."

"Then I think I had better not interrupt them."

"Nonsense!" with a little hard laugh. "I will go with you if your courage fails."

"Have I your consent to—to speak then?"

For a moment she hesitated, and he saw her under lip tremble in the half-light.

"Of course," she replied in a voice which struggled to be steady. "I gave you my consent when I promised to give you my assistance."

"You have been most kind in every way," he continued gravely, while General

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Brabazon's words of advice floated across his mind, and he determined to press the siege a little closer. His enemy was evidently in sore straits, yet she was still bravely holding out and doing her best to hide the distress which had come upon her little garrison. "Will you be still more so and—and tell me what I ought to say?"

"What you ought to say?" repeating his words in contemptuous amazement. "Why! don't you know that? It comes easily enough to most men when they find themselves alone with the woman they love."

"Does it? Well! tell me what you would like said to you under the same circumstances?"

Her face blanched. He could see it even in the little light which penetrated through the trees, and a feeling of triumph took possession of him. For the moment she was off guard and the time had come to charge.

"I—I—really don't know," she faltered. "I think I would like him to say the first words which came to his lips."

"Would you? Then—Esther, I love you. Will you marry me?"

She looked back at him wonderingly.

"Is it a dress rehearsal?" she asked. "Because I really don't care about understudying Violet."

"No! it's the real performance. It's you I love, not Miss Farwell, and as you gave me your permission to speak I presume I may take your consent for granted too."

"I was obliged to resort to strategy to pull down your fortifications."

"Then why have you been deceiving us both all this time?" she asked with a catch in her breath.

"All's fair in love and war," he replied coolly; "besides, I was not deceiving Miss Farwell. I took her into my confidence that first night at the Opera. You see," with a swift smile, "you kept me at arm's length so long, I was obliged to resort to strategy to pull down your fortifications. Are you going to keep me at arm's length any longer?"

"I can't!" she answered back with a sob in her voice, "for the wish as well as the power went long ago."

* * *

It was late before Colonel Forsyth said good-night, but he could not resist turning into the club on his way home.

"Good news, General!" he said. "I've won at last. The white flag was hoisted to-night."

"Bravo! Bravo!" replied the other. And now you are in possession, are you going to make it a case of absolute supremacy?"

"No, General, no! It's going to be a joint rule."

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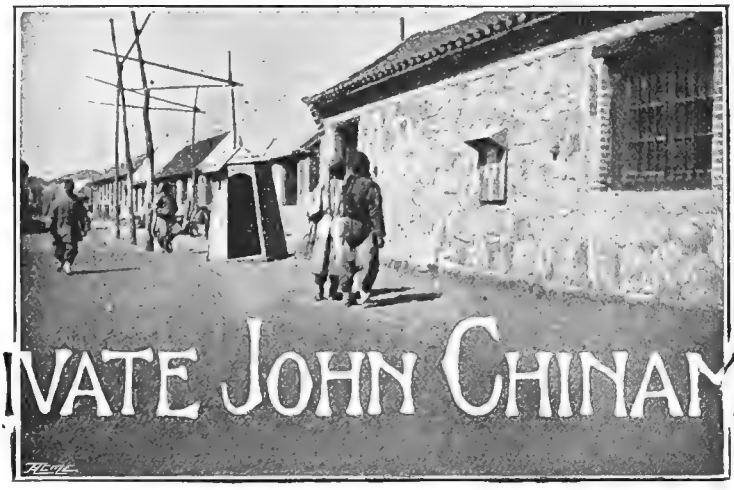

PRIVATE JOHN CHINAMAN

Reading the Recruiting Notice.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE PIGTAILS OF THE BRITISH ARMY.

By Hector Grainger.

Illustrated with Photographs.

When in 1898, Germany and Russia, with really no adequate excuse, seized on Kaia-Chau and Port Arthur respectively, England — after much lifting of shocked hands and pious denunciation of such piratical proceedings on the part of her Continental "friends"—ended by pocketing Wei-Hai-Wei, and declared, in so many words, that since certain people determined to pick and steal, she really had no option but to follow suit. Most of us would be, no doubt, quite ready to cavil at the morality of this excuse were not the present moment but ill-suited for the expression of righteous indignation. For if England's, if Europe's sin was great, their punishment has been greater—indeed, it has been out of all proportion to the sin.

The raw recruit becomes ——

So Wei-Hai-Wei was seized, and the first question that presented itself after the place had passed into British hands was—What is one to do with it? After careful examination at the hands of engineers and experts, Wei-Hai-Wei turned out somewhat of a disappointment as far as its natural capacities as a fortress were concerned. In any case, we were forced to acknowledge that we could never hope to make the place as strong as Port Arthur, even if we spent a couple of millions on the job. So we very wisely let the millions

—— a soldier of the Queen.

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These photographs show Capt. Watson and Colour-Sergeant Purdon, of the regimental staff, fitting equipment upon the Chinese recruits.

lie untouched in our pockets (and no doubt they came in useful when Oom Paul took it into his head to defy us), and set all our energies to work on the creation and organisation of a native garrison for Wei-Hai-Wei.

Now it may be safely affirmed that of all peoples under the sun—not forgetting even the most thick-headed and apish tribes in Central Africa—the Chinaman, though immensely shrewd in many things, is the hardest nut for the European drill-sergeant to crack. His colossal stupidity in some matters, his unpenetrable lack of comprehension where a half-witted European child would understand, require that the unhappy individual delegated to make a soldier of him should be gifted with the astonishing patience of Job. And his difficulties are augmented by the necessity of having, when the interpreter is not handy, to convey his orders by means of pantomimic gesture to his pupil, for it is out of the question for a busy soldier to learn Chinese, even were that impossible language one and the same all over the Celestial Empire—which is far from the case, nearly every province having a wholly different dialect. But a garrison had to be organised, and Colonel Bower was presented with this somewhat unenviable job. Having selected his staff, he sailed for the East, and arrived at Wei-Hai-Wei in the early spring of 1899.

How those fishers of men, the recruiting-sergeants, made their first catches is unhappily secret history. Short of dragging Chinese loafers by their pig-tails into the nearest barracks, it is difficult to imagine how they induced the men of Wei-Hai-Wei to give their services to so extraordinarily novel an undertaking as the formation of a regiment on European lines. Anything that a Chinaman is not accustomed to, and therefore knows nothing about, he regards with suspicion or treats with derision; and even when its excellence and utility has been proved to him as plainly as it is possible to prove anything, he absolutely refuses to see anything either excellent or useful about it, and gets rid of it at the first possible opportunity. The railway which brought prosperity to impoverished districts he was forced

The Chinese regiment on a route march.

Capt. Dent, of the regimental staff, with an interpreter drilling a squad.

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to accept, but let no one imagine that he looks upon it as a desirable innovation. The moment he is able safely to do so, he will tear up the lines and sink back with glee into his former condition of squalor and poverty.

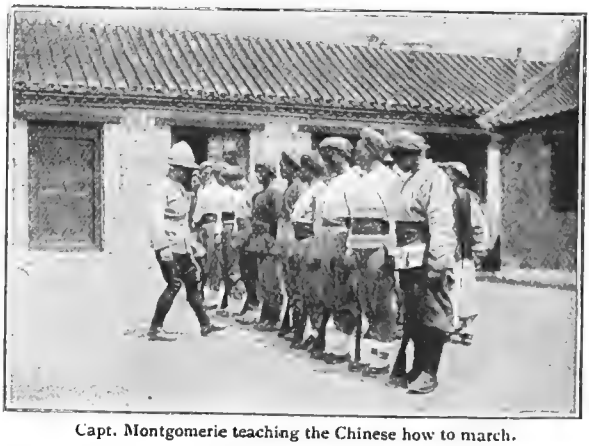
Physical drill takes place every day.

The men are taught how to clean their arms.

Imagine, then, the difficulties that beset Colonel Bower and his lieutenants. But with infinite pains and patience these were finally surmounted, and after many months' labour a really fine native regiment came into being. One of a soldier's first duties is to appear smart and clean; one of a Chinaman's most ingrained ideas is to appear slovenly and filthy. We talk much of the Boers and their unsavoury ways and manners, but the Boer is a paragon of cleanliness when compared to the Chinaman. A Boer *may* wash himself occasionally, but the average Chinaman—at any rate, the Chinaman in and about Wei-Hai-Wei—literally *never* touches water; and—to use the vigorous expression of a sergeant-major who had the training of the regiment on his hands—"don't they hum!"

A gentleman who knows the Chinese well, and has spent many years in various parts of China, states as a fact that in the Chino-Japanese War many of those extraordinary Chinese retreats from positions that might very well have been held, were due to a sudden shower rather than to the Japanese bullets. Rain!—it was more than flesh and blood could endure, and the Chinese troops started pell-mell for a position better sheltered from the elements. If it had been possible to turn a hose on the Boxers, who knows but what the revolt might have been quelled at a much earlier date, and many valuable lives saved?

When once in the hands of our men, the first thing a Chinese recruit has to endure is a thorough scrubbing and a rigging-out in smart clean clothes. Among the interesting photographs taken by one of Colonel Bower's staff, which accompany this article, is a snapshot showing the "raw material" in all his rags (the camera thoughtfully spares us the dirt), and another, showing the finished article, spruce, neat, and with a broad grin on his expressive countenance. One trembles to think of all the blood-curdling tortures (such, for instance, as a liberal use of soap and water) that man must have undergone before he reached his present perfection. Yet the grin on his face is certainly not that of an unhappy individual; it seems to argue that, after all, it may not be outside the bounds of



Capt. Montgomerie teaching the Chinese how to march.

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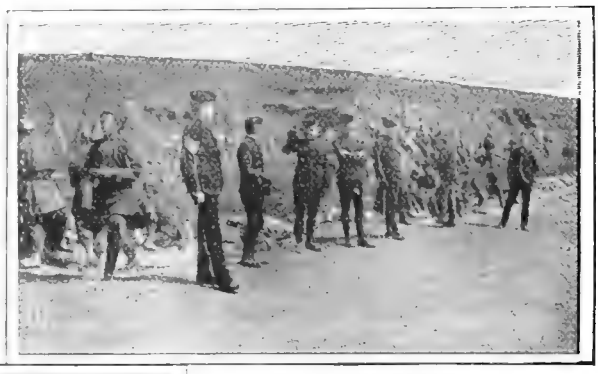
possibility to accustom a Chinaman to healthy and respectable living. Another photograph shows an officer instructing a recruit in the important art of dressing himself with decency. The rags have been cast aside (a bitter parting for the Chinaman, no doubt), and the regulation clothes are being donned. The victim turns his back on us; we are not permitted to see his face; it wears, doubtless, an expression of deep concern and misery.



A halt on the march.

A word must be said of Sergeant Wang-Yung-Ping, whose portrait appears on these pages. A fine, soldierly-looking fellow, and yet only a couple of years ago his appearance coincided with that of the "raw material" shown on another page. He was one of the earliest of the recruits, and from the commencement of his military career showed uncommon aptitude and intelligence. Before a year was out he was promoted to the proud position of sergeant, and who knows but what he may one day rise from the ranks and command his battalion? The last I heard of him was that he had greatly distinguished himself in the recent fighting round Tientsin, assisting in the removal of some guns over a swampy field. This he and his men did under a heavy fire from the enemy's lines and—in the pelting rain!

Wang-Yung-Ping, the first Chinese non-com., in his winter clothing.

Colonel Bower and the Chief Interpreter of the regiment.

Until the outbreak of the Boxer rebellion, when it got excitement enough in all conscience, the Wei-Hai-Wei garrison did policeman's work more than anything else. The monotony of barrack life was relieved at intervals by incidents such as the summary dispersion of native meetings, when the "foreign devil," his ways and manners, his tenure of Chinese soil, and those possibilities of driving him into the sea, were discussed with too great heat and effusion to please the "foreign devils." Occasionally, so threatening did the people of the surrounding country become, the Wei-Hai-Wei garrison had to sleep, night after night, with loaded arms ready to hand. But no real fighting took place until the Boxers rose, when every Chinaman in British service clamoured importunately to go to the front. They had no sympathy with the Boxers, and burned with eagerness to prove their fighting capacities. So, after some momentary hesitation, for the authorities can never be absolutely certain of a Chinaman's loyalty, to the front they were sent. And up to the present they have carried themselves like men, and have shown that, in spite of what many people believe, the Chinaman has in him the making of a fine soldier.

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THE WITCH CHILD

By

Ethel Beatrice

Page.

I.

"NOW then, stoopid, what be ye cryin' for? Broked the jug an' wasted all the beer, have ye? No wonder! goin' about with yer eyes glued to the clouds!"

"Indeed, aunt, I was not looking at the clouds. The boys shouted at me, and I was frightened because they called me witch-child."

"Then they called ye by the right name, with yer great owl's eyes and elfish ways. Many's the time yer mother's eyes has rested on my pans of milk up at the farm yonder, and turned it right sour, fit for naught. Ye'll be just such a one as she. Go and fetch the money the parson give ye for pickin' up of his whip. I'll teach ye to spill beer."

The child turned away without a word in self-defence. She went up to the attic room, shared with two cousins. Under the mattress was a red cotton handkerchief, with two knots in it. They were the lock and key to her bank. There were two shining pennies inside it. She laid them in the palm of her tiny hand, and gazed at her treasures wistfully, until she could no longer see their brightness. No thought of concealment or deception entered that sterling little soul. She clasped the coins tightly and ran downstairs.

When she had gone aunt went out to exchange grievances with her neighbour. Mrs. Potter, a new-comer in the village, was contemplating her surroundings in her favourite classical attitude—arms akimbo on the fence, eyes on a level with next door.

"And to think," said Mrs. Sharpe after relating the misdeeds of her little niece, "to think that a child livin' on charity 'ud be so thankless!"

"Lor!" said Mrs. Potter, "Lor! what a world it are."

Aunt was pleased. "An' it's gospel truth you're speaking," she said.

Aunt had a magnificent moral telescope, but it was always reversed when regarding other folks heavens. When she looked through she saw the virtue of her neighbours as a street lamp on a foggy night—her own, as Aurora Borealis. Black as night were their sins and omissions; as for her own she just peeped and—shut the telescope up. So it

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came to pass, on that sunny morning when the child Mara was gone, Aunt let her light shine.

"That child," she said, pointing to the fast disappearing figure, "is the daughter of my husband's sister—understan'?"

Mrs. Potter wondered at the relationship, but nodded briskly.

"She," continued Aunt, "was a witch-woman—the mother you know. Her husban' died early—helped off perhaps, tho' I don't go as far as some folk and say she murdered him. After his decease, as they call it, she lived in a little owd hut on the marsh with the child, and give it the name of Mara, a heathenish name to my thinkin', an' the child's never been christened. 'Sure as ever that woman came up the street somethin' happen; the milk 'ud turn, or a child be took, or there'd be a fearful tempest, and at night tokens was heard. She always wore a shawl over her head, her eyes were like live coals, and glittered so strange that when folks see her comin' up the street they'd go t'other side. I don't know to this day how she lived—she never did no work as I saw. My husban' only laughed when they telled he she was a witch-woman. When she died, for want of food some say, and others agin that she was claimed by the——" at this point Aunt wagged her head and looked solemn—"my husband, he said, we must take the child in with our own Susan. Now, I didn't see no call to take in stranger brats, seein' as we'd five of our own, and I said as much. My husband stuck to it, and she had to come. She was just five year old then, a puny, sickly slip of a thing, much as she is now. I puts it to you as bein' a mother yerself, Mrs. Potter, wouldn't you feel it a disgrace to have such a one in with yer own? And Lord! she's so queer—cold nights she'll set close up to the stove, glowering into the fire, till it almost makes me wonder if she ain't castin' spells; warm weather she's down on the sea-wall as near to the water as she can get, and I've seen her there starin' and starin' at the water like as if she was expectin' somethin'. Parson says the child is precious in the Almighty's sight, but Lord! ain't there a rumpus if he catches one of his own childer even speaking to her. How t'Almighty came to make such a queer child I don't——"

Mrs. Potter suddenly nudged her arm.

"Here she comes," she whispered. "What's that she's got tucked under her arm, don't it look to you like a dawg?"

Aunt put up her red hand to shade her eyes.

"If it is a dawg," she said "she's bringin' 'im to the wrong place. I ain't goin' to have no dawgs here, and shall tell her so pretty flat."

The child came up to the garden gate, carefully carrying a jug of beer. Tucked under her arm was an ugly black puppy; there were patches of mud on his dusky fur; one paw hung limply down, bleeding. Mara laid her burden down, panting slightly. She was a frail little thing, and the dog was heavy.

"What's this?" demanded Aunt; and she pushed the black heap so roughly that the creature whined.

The child started forward. "Oh, please, he is hurt; don't push him. See, his foot is bleeding."

"Well, it ain't goin' to bleed here," was the answer. "I ain't going to have no dirty black dawgs in my 'ouse."

"I thought," said the child meekly, "that I could wash his foot and make it well. I could not bear to leave him lying in the road for the boys to stone. Do not be angry, Aunt"—her eyes were piteous—"I will take him away, and not let him come near the cottage, if only I may keep him till he is better."

Aunt took the jug roughly from her hands. "Take the beast out of my sight!" she said. "And if I do find it inside the cottage I'll pretty quick let him know the feel of a broomstick."

Mara shivered. She took the puppy in her arms, and walked down the village street. There was a turning just beyond the pump that led to the sea-wall and the water. When she had gone half-way down, she stopped, and laid the dog in a deep grass ditch. It was shaded alike from the sun and prying eyes.

"There!" the child said softly, "the boys cannot find you, and you will be safe till I come back. Good-bye, dear."

The dog, exhausted with pain, lay motionless, but his eyes followed the little figure until it had scrambled up the ditch and disappeared from view.

Mara went speedily back to the cottage, and crept up to her room. The red handkerchief was on the floor. She picked it up, and, stuffing it into the bodice of her dress, went down to the kitchen. The table was spread with the mid-day meal for her cousins coming home from school. On her own plate were two thick slices of bread scantily spread with dripping. She caught them both up and filled a blue mug with water. This

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she carried with great care. Aunt was still exchanging grievances with Mrs. Potter, so she slipped out unobserved, and went back to the puppy. Sitting on the grass she took it in her lap and held out the mug. The thirsty creature lapped greedily. They dined together on bread and dripping. The meal ended, the child drew out the handkerchief and tore it in half. With the water left and one piece of rag she tenderly bathed the injured paw, washing it free of blood and dirt. Somewhat awkwardly, but with infinite care, she took the remaining rag and bound up the wound. The dog thrust out his rough tongue and licked her hand gratefully. Mara hid the mug in the grass, and they went together down the lane, across the marsh, on to the sea-wall.

"And to think," said Mrs. Sharpe, "that a child livin' on charity 'ud be so thankless!"

Sitting down in the long grass, with the puppy curled up beside her, the child looked contentedly across the water. She was happiest by the river. Out of the water and clouds, she made for herself stories and pictures. So strange and fantastic were her fancies that her companions called her witch-child. Once she had pointed to the sky "perhaps those are not clouds," she said, "they are angel's wings."

With such sayings she made herself unpopular. The children never asked her to join in their games, so she stole away by herself. They never saw her, as God saw her, face downward in the grass with tiny clenched hands. "I will not cry," she moaned, "I will not cry."

That afternoon, with her dog-companion, her mood was almost gay, and her pictures were varied and bright.

Far out across the river bar she saw the gleaming of white sails and, curling blue against the sky, the smoke of outbound steamers. In the broad river mouth a fishing boat heeled gently over with the breeze. She could hear the voice of the blue-jerseyd fisherman at the tiller as he shouted directions to his lad.

Curlews, gulls, and numerous small birds filled the air with sound and motion. The

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saltings, divided by narrow shining streams of sea-water, and dotted with small pools, were gorgeous with purple sea-lavender. Wherever the child looked there was rich colour—no stint, no discord. When Nature paints she is not economical with her colours.

It was late before the child went home.

She carried the puppy across the marsh and laid him again in the ditch, bidding him lie quietly.

When she entered the cottage, she saw that tea had been cleared away.

"Where have you been danglin' round all the afternoon, I'd like to know?" Aunt was angry.

"I have been down to the river," said the child, "I am sorry I am so late, and please may I have a little piece of bread and butter?"

Aunt assented ungraciously. She gave the child a thick slice of bread with the faintest apology of butter smeared on. Mara took it with timidly uttered thanks and went into the garden. Glancing round—to see no curious eyes observed her movements—she broke off a large portion of bread and concealed it behind the rain-tub. The remaining piece she ate hungrily. When the last crumb had gone, she glanced longingly at the larder behind the tub. "It would be nice," she said, "but then there'd be none left for dear puppy's supper."

"Where have you been danglin' about all the afternoon, I'd like to know?"

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II.

"Please—please let me go—Aunt will be so angry—she told me to hurry."

The voice was Mara's. She stood in the centre of a ring of village girls. They had joined hands, refusing to let her pass through. In wild mood they teased the child until tears stood in her eyes.

"Why don't you ride on your mother's broomstick?" they said, and, "How much milk did her black cat drink?" Then they call out mockingly, "Witch-child! Witch-child!"

A tall girl stepped forward. "Mara," she said, "would you like to see your mother?"

The child turned to her with sad eyes.

"My mother is living with God," she said simply.

For one moment the ringleader wavered. Soon, jokes and laughter encouraged her in the cruel sport.

"There is a way to see her," she continued impressively. Mara's eyes were fixed intently on her face; she turned her head slightly away. "If you go down to the marsh when the tide is high at twelve o'clock at night, and dip your foot three times in the water, saying each time 'Mother come to me,' you will see her. Isn't it true?" The girl turned to her companions. Mara waited for the answer, her hands pressed over her heart in excitement.

"Yes," they said, "it is quite true."

The ring was broken up, and Mara passed through. The girls strolled away, their sport was easily forgotten.

Mara hurried home, her brain filled with wonderful thoughts, her heart aglow with joy. Every day she was by the river watching the tide, and calculating, in her simple way, when it would be high at midnight. At night she lay awake trying to hear the sound of the water and shivering as she thought of the lonely marsh to be crossed at dead of night. The puppy should go with her, and she would think of all the good things she had seen and heard. Once she had seen the picture of an angel leading a little child. If she thought of that very hard, perhaps the night wouldn't seem very dark.

And the memory of her mother, which had gradually been growing fainter, revived, and day by day became more vivid in Mara's mind. Not only did the form and features, the tone, the manner of the dead woman, grow real and distinct almost as though she were present, but little, insignificant incidents seemingly forgotten woke suddenly in the child's memory as she lay awake at night or wandered beside the river, her eyes fixed on the sad horizon or dreamily following the flight of the great white gulls. The passers-by would glance doubtfully at her and shake their heads, for so distinct did her mother's presence often become that Mara, forgetting she was alone, would stand still and talk to the phantom of her brain. And though her aunt scolded her, and the other children teased her, as usual, unkindness had no longer any power to hurt her, for Mara lived in a separate world of her own—a world of dreams and memories that she alone was able to enter.

And so the time passed, until one night Mara went to bed with the unshaken faith that before the morning came she would see her mother.

Beside her in the narrow bed slept Polly—pretty rosy-cheeked cousin Polly. Mara lay still, with wide open eyes. She heard her aunt come heavily up the creaking stairs. A clock in the village church struck eleven.

She stepped out of bed when aunt's light was gone, and put on her clothes with trembling hands. The night was chilly. She wrapped round her shoulders a ragged white shawl. Some impulse moved her to stoop and kiss Polly—lightly—for fear of waking her.

She crept downstairs, unbarred the door, and closed it softly behind her.

She was alone in the quiet night—the village was asleep. No lights shone through the windows, no form showed black against the curtains. There was nothing to disturb the serenity of the September night but the distant rushing of the river and faint call of an awakened sea bird. The moon was hidden behind a heavy bank of cloud, but the light of stars was on the earth, and made it beautiful. In the air was the scent of autumn flowers, and the rich fragrance of newly-turned soil.

The child stood for one moment looking up at the sky. Then she knelt on the door-step. "Dear God," she said, "please don't let it be very dark, because I'm frightened; and let me see mother."

She rose comforted, and went on her way.

Half-way down the lane a sharp bark from the ditch greeted her.

"Hush, puppy, hush!"

She patted him gently; the creature leapt, and licked her face.

They crossed the marsh and climbed on to the wall. Mara paused, trying to find a path that would lead to the edge of the river. She knew there was one where the sheep

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were driven for pasture when the tide was down. She searched anxiously, fearing lest it should be covered. Presently she found it—it led right out to the edge of the saltings; the water was deep there—she could dip her foot easily. Her face was flushed and earnest as she crossed the saltings; at the edge she stood silent, waiting for the village clock to strike twelve.

Her heart was beating joyously; she was supremely happy. The unkind words and emptiness of her short life were all forgotten. Joy was before her—sorrow behind.

A great white bird floated lazily across the water. Mara watched it until it disappeared in the blue haze.

The black puppy was crouching near her, his nose between his paws, and with ever watchful eyes.

The first stroke of twelve sounded on the still night air. Mara, on the edge of the saltings, dipped one little foot in the chill water.

"Mother, come to me."

At the sound of her voice the puppy pricked up his ears, listening intently.

Again she dipped her foot. "Mother—mother, darling, come to me."

Before the last appeal she looked about her. The world that night was very still, and the stars looked down so calmly. Surely God was not very far away.

For the last time she stretched out her foot, all blue with cold.

"Mother—mother, darling, come——"

The treacherous black mud slipped from under her; the edge crumbled. With the passionate cry still upon her lips she fell heavily. The waters closed over her greedily. The puppy—missing her—ran whining to the edge of the river, seeking wildly. Out in the river something gleamed white. With one great spring he was in the water, swimming madly towards it.

* * * * *

In the full glare of a mid-day sun, with sea birds ever turning and wheeling above her, and a soft sea-wind lifting the dank wet hair from her forehead, slept the witch-child. The tide had been pitiful and laid her on a royal couch of purple sea-lavender. Beside her, with dripping coat and holding up an injured paw bound with red rag, crouched the black puppy. He was moaning dismally. He was left behind. His friend was gone.

In the full glare of the mid-day sun, with the sea-birds wheeling above her, slept the witch-child.

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Feeding the baby wolves.

THE WOLF AS A FAMILY FRIEND.

By Margaret Collinson.

Illustrated with Photographs.

The French actress, Sarah Bernhardt, is celebrated for many things beside her superb acting; she is an unusually fine sportswoman; she has been said to sleep in the coffin in which she is eventually to be buried, and to perform her ablutions in champagne. But most famous is this extraordinary woman for her inordinate love of animals, and the quaint and often dangerous pets she keeps in her house in Paris and takes with her on her various tours about the world. Reptiles of all kinds—lizards, snakes, toads, crocodiles — she delights in, and lions and tigers are her prime favourites. No doubt many people have heard of the fuss she got into in New York when the pet tiger somehow or other escaped from its cage and stalked majestically down one of the most crowded thoroughfares. Her tame serpents also have got her into hot water, once in Vienna, and, I think, in London as well. Now, I take it that Mme. Bernhardt aims at securing a renown for originality in her quaint selection of pets; but, as far as snakes and lions and tigers are concerned, she merely follows a precedent, having been anticipated by many daring persons in both the ancient and modern world. But a wolf—has she ever thought of including a wolf among her household? I believe not, in spite of the fact that she would earn for herself a wide renown in so doing, as few, very

A contented wolf.

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few, have dared to make a pet of this notoriously wicked animal. It is an omission Mme. Bernhardt would do well to make good with the least possible delay, and, should this article by any chance fall into her hands, I have little doubt that the papers will soon announce that the great actress has added yet another new and impossible pet to her wonderful menagerie. Impossible? Not at all. Just run your eyes over the accompanying photographs. Can you imagine anything more docile, more friendly, more respectable than the wolf as he looks at you out of these pages?

The fate of an old coat.

About a year ago Mr. A. J. Bothwell, of Wyoming, in the United States, came upon a litter of grey wolves in a hole close to his ranch on the Sweetwater River. The little animals were only two weeks old at the time, and Mr. Bothwell, struck with the idea that, with proper care and education, they might well become respectable members of society and amusing pets, took them home with him from their native haunts. Like other babies, of the human as well as the canine species, they were very helpless at first and had to be fed on warm milk and other infantile nourishment. But before many weeks had passed they learned to shift for themselves, and it soon became evident that Mr. Bothwell's experiment was to be crowned with success, that, when properly brought up, a wolf may become as genial and trustworthy an animal as a dog or a horse. Those who understand animals and love them—like Mr. Rudyard Kipling, for

A frolic with a friend.

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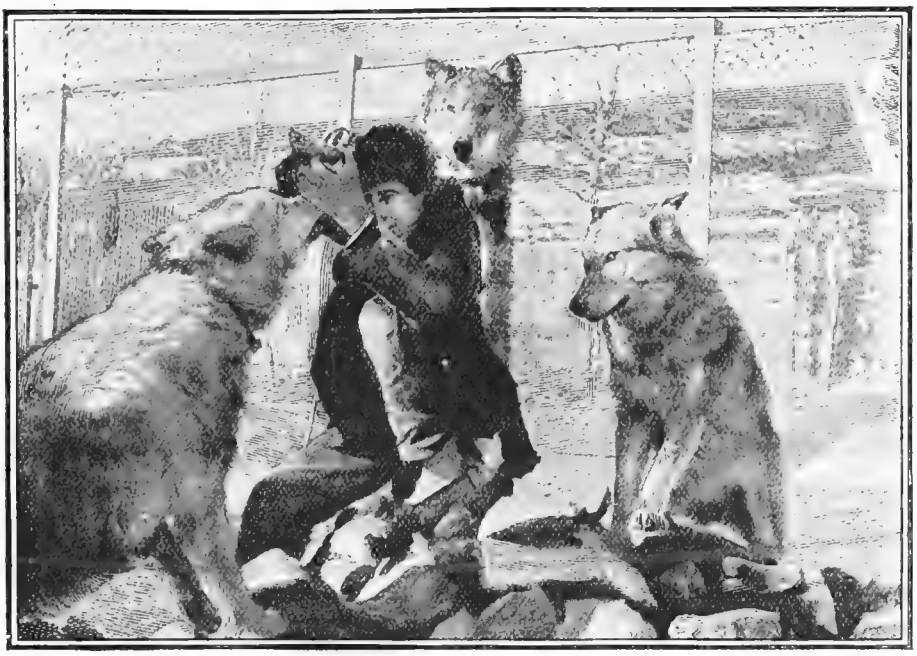
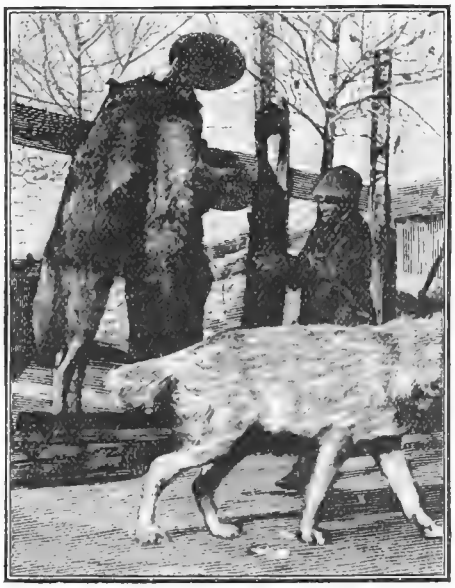


Wolfish curiosity.

instance, who has told us in his wonderful "Jungle Books" so much that is interesting and quaint about wolves in general—have long suspected lovable qualities hidden away in the wolf's character.

The fact is that, while most animals have had opportunities of making themselves agreeable, the wolf has been detested and shunned and hunted down from antiquity onwards. Indeed, he may be called the Ishmael of animals, every man's hand having been against him as far back as history goes. Kings and rulers have made him the subject of proclamations, a price has been again and again set on his head, and his lands have been given to those who managed to exterminate him from them. He has been vouchsafed no chance at all to reform his character and refine his ways. Poor beast! his natural struggle for existence was hard enough in all conscience without the additional ill of having to protect himself against determined and merciless persecution. There were larger and better armed animals to contend against, there was biting frost and snow to be endured, and finally there were the pangs of hunger to satisfy, and nature has so ordained it that a wolf's hunger needs a deal of satisfying.



An eight-foot jump for a hat.

In fables and nursery rhymes and children's stories it has been the melancholy fate of the wolf to play the part of the villain. How many children's hearts have not throbbed with pity at the doom of the poor innocent lamb, and one has only to remember the tearful stories of Faithful Gelert and Little Red Riding Hood to see how deeply ingrained

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Playmates.

is the notion of the wolf's incorrigibly evil character.

But Mr. Bothwell's four pets have proved that wolves, if caught young, kindly treated and carefully fed, may learn the amenities of life and the usages of polite society. From the first days of their captivity these animals were accustomed to have human beings perpetually among them, they knew that it was from human beings that they must expect their food, and they got to look on human beings as their natural friends and benefactors. They are never happier than when playing with some member of Mr. Bothwell's family. On some hot afternoon they may be all lying together half asleep and rather bored, in some shady corner of the large inclosure where they live. Miss Bothwell, or one of her brothers, saunters up to the cage, and all four wolves leap to their feet, heat and boredom forgotten, and spring around the visitor with howls of delight. For they love nothing better than a hard rollicking game. Give them an old boot or coat, and no four fox terriers could possibly relish more scrambling for it and tearing it to pieces. Unique is the accompanying photograph, which shows two of our friends leaping into the air after a hat, and on another page you see them gathered about a boy, two of them standing on their hind legs and attempting to lick his face.

A game of tag.

Not one of these wolves has ever been known to bite or even growl at his human friends, however much they may have teased him. In the heat and excitement of a romp, when the best behaved of dogs often forgets his manners and tears your clothes and uses his teeth on your hands so as to leave a mark behind, these wolves remain invariably gentle; you might safely put your hand between their jaws or pull their snouts — they would never dream of unseemly retaliation, or even of losing their tempers and growling and showing their teeth.

As I remarked at the beginning of this article, there have been very few cases of completely domesticated wolves

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Something like affection.

that will in any way bear comparison with the case of Mr. Bothwell's pets. Two such cases, however have been recorded which are really too interesting to omit. Captain Hare, of a well-known Devonshire family, brought home on his return from the Peninsular War a wolf he had caught young in the Sierra Morena. By kind treatment it had become perfectly tame, and had lived with him on the same terms as a dog. During many a mountain bivouac the soldier, his horse and his wolf had slept together, and together shared the fatigue, the scanty food, and the dangers of the campaign. During Captain Hare's furlough, part of which was passed in Bristol, his pet trotted about with him wherever he went, to the terror of the Bristol citizens. Upon his departure, Captain Hare left his wolf in the keeping of Sir Hugh Smith, of Ashton Court. The poor beast never ceased to sorrow over the separation, pacing before his kennel all day long, and keeping the sharpest look-out for strangers, in the hope that among them might come at last his old master.

The other story is told by the great French naturalist, Cuvier. Here also the animal was caught young and brought up as a dog might have been. His master, for whom he showed marvellous affection, being obliged to travel, presented the wolf to a menagerie where he was received and confined. There he remained for weeks, uneasy and discontented, pining and refusing food. Gradually, however, he became reconciled to the situation, recovered his health, and attached himself to the keepers. After an absence of over a year, his former master returned. At the first sound of the man's voice the wolf sprang up, frantic with joy, and, being set at liberty, rushed up to his old friend and overwhelmed him with caresses. A second separation was followed by the same symptoms of grief, which again were allayed by time, and by the companionship of a dog which had been given our friend as comrade. Three years passed before the master returned; but when he did

"The Wolf and the Lamb."

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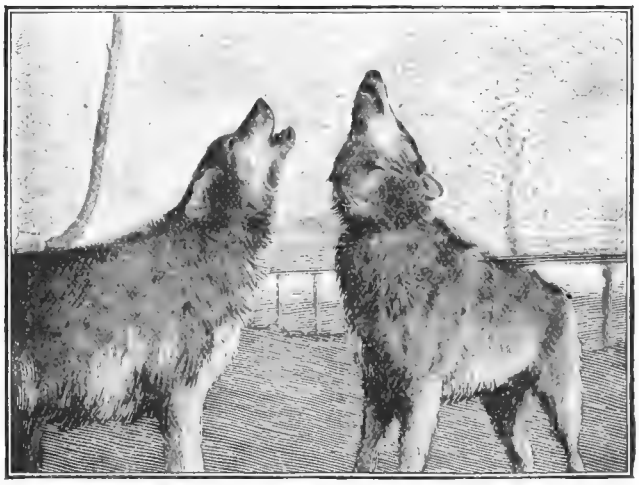
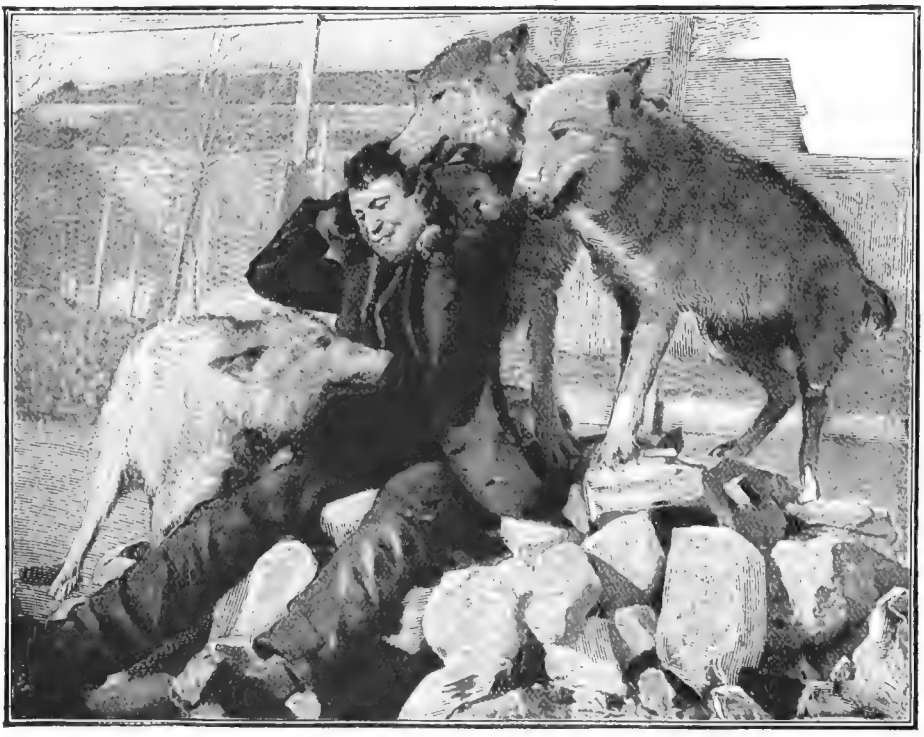


Saying Grace before meat.

so, which was at night, his first word awakened in the wolf the uneffaced memory of a beloved voice, and leaping forward, he greeted his friend with even greater enthusiasm than at their last meeting.

These two incidents, in conjunction with the story of Mr. Bothwell's pets, should at last convince people that the wolf is by no means the evil creature he has hitherto been depicted.

But he must be caught young, otherwise you will never be able to trust him, however docile and compliant he may appear on the surface. For the evil companions of the forest, and all the cruel hardships which freedom entails, ruin the wolf for respectable existence. He learns to relish the taste of blood, to steal, and to regard man as his natural enemy. A short while since I read of an inspector of woods and forests in India who captured a wolf about a year old, and brought it back with him to his bungalow. The wolf, though he allowed his master to stroke him and play with him, could never be trusted with any stranger. But his master might do anything with him — he never showed the faintest irritation, until one day when the servant gave him some raw meat. After that he became unmanageable, and had to be killed.



Posing for a Photograph.

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DOCTOR MOSKOWITZ' EXPERIMENT

By J. Montgomery McGovern.

The Women whispered it first behind their fans to each other and to their very particular masculine friends. The latter shook their heads and declined to believe it. It was monstrous, impossible. They did not presume to doubt the word of their fair acquaintances who confided the matter to them, but they were convinced that it was all the result of some malicious, unfounded rumour.

Miss Campbell a kleptomaniac! If the slander were not such an outrageous one it would be almost absurd enough to be laughable. The story was started first by a woman, who declared that her very dear friend, whose name she was, of course, not at liberty to mention, had seen Miss Campbell appropriate several yards of valuable lace and an exquisite tortoiseshell fan from the counter of the little Italian curio shop, which it was then the fad of fashionable women to patronise, and walk rapidly out of the shop while the proprietor's back was turned.

Such a tale was as obviously ridiculous as it was malicious, for the beautiful Miss Campbell was the only child of a man whose wealth was estimated at a trifle above three million, and it was well known that he never refused his daughter's slightest whim, and that at all times he kept her abundantly supplied with pocket money.

Everyone knows, however, how a rumour of this sort will spread and gain credence with each repetition; so, despite the efforts of Miss Campbell's friends and the friends of her father to have the matter hushed up, it continued to be the subject of general gossip. The prominent social position which Miss Campbell had occupied since her *début*, two seasons before, made her a conspicuous target for gossip both in her own "set" and in those sets whose members vainly tried to imitate the manners of her own.

Miss Campbell at first assumed a scornful attitude, and, holding her head high, continued to go out to social functions and to entertain as lavishly as ever; but as the glances cast at her, even by those who accepted her hospitality, grew more and more suspicious, and fewer of her invitations were accepted, and she was no longer invited to certain houses where previously she had ever been a welcome guest, her courage gave way; she became moody, silent, and morose, and, with the exception of a drive through the park, accompanied only by her father, or a solitary shopping expedition, the girl never left her father's house, and, according to the servants, usually remained alone in her own room.

As the winter wore on, other rumours similar to that of the preceding autumn were started, and soon gained credulous hearers. Women of unquestionable veracity no longer hesitated to have their names used in connection with the report, but asserted that they had seen Miss Campbell steal various articles from their own drawing-rooms, when the girl was

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calling there, and also declared that she had stolen wraps and fans from her own guests during a reception at her father's house.

The matter was warmly discussed in various clubs, among the masculine friends and acquaintances of Miss Campbell. A few of them were inclined to believe the story, but, in spite of apparently increasing evidence of her guilt, the majority still stoutly declared their belief in her innocence, until one evening a bomb was exploded in camp by young Wainwright, who came into the reading-room of his club, and after a good deal of unnecessary fidgeting with newspaper and cigar, suddenly exclaimed: "I want to tell you fellows something, though I'm hanged if I know whether I ought to or not—still, I think it's due to the women we've been accusing of infernal jealousy and that sort of thing——"

"What are you driving at, Wainwright?" interrupted Macdonald, "come to the point, can't you."

"Well, it's just this," continued Wainwright, "those women who said that they had seen Miss Campbell take things that didn't belong to her told the truth, for I saw her this afternoon myself."

Then the young fellow, in an excited, disconnected way, told how he had seen Miss Campbell enter a large jeweller's in Bond Street in which he himself was making some Christmas purchases, and after having a number of pins and brooches taken out for her inspection, had quickly and stealthily slipped a diamond pin into her pocket-book, when the shopman's attention was momentarily diverted. As the young woman was about to re-enter her carriage, however, the private detective of the shop had stepped up to her, and touched her on the arm. Wainwright had seen the girl crimson with evident mortification and chagrin and follow the detective into the private office of the proprietor of the shop. Horror-stricken at what he had seen, Wainwright hurried away from the place, knowing that Miss Campbell would be able to compromise the matter by payment for the pin, which she could amply afford, and thus spare herself and her family the humiliation of her arrest and trial for theft.

When Wainwright had finished, Dr. Jarvis, one of the group of men to whom the former had been speaking, leaned forward and said earnestly:—

"Wainwright, if any man except one whose veracity I knew to be as unimpeachable as I know yours to be had started to tell what you have just told, I would have knocked him senseless before he could have got his words out. But I cannot question your word, or, under the circumstances, your motive in repeating what you witnessed this afternoon. Matters have reached a point, however, when it is only fair that you and the others should understand my position in regard to Miss Campbell. She is my *fiancée*. We became engaged in October, but at her earnest request, I consented not to have the engagement announced for several months. At that time I did not believe a word of the rumours afloat with regard to her kleptomania. Now I am forced to believe the fact, for if any testimony in addition to Wainwright's were needed, a few days ago my sister—a girl whom I know to be unvaryingly truthful—told me of an incident she had witnessed, in connection with Miss Campbell, very similar to the one Wainwright has just told us of.

"In view of what Wainwright has repeated, I think it best that the whole matter, as far as possible, should be made known, so that you will all understand what I mean when I say that I intend to sift this matter to the bottom. That phrase may sound rather cheap and melodramatic, perhaps, but I mean literally that I want to get at the bottom of this trouble. For while I do believe now that Miss Campbell steals, I believe just as firmly that she is no more morally responsible for stealing than any of us are for her doing so."

There was a moment's silence after Dr. Jarvis had finished speaking; then a man, sitting somewhat apart from the little group—a man with narrow, half-closed, light blue eyes, and thin, colourless lips, which reminded one of those of some feline animal—spoke, in a sneering, contemptuous tone, which made his broken English accent the more apparent.

"Not morally responsible? It is a disease with her, I suppose. Ah! I have heard such talk before. There may be such a disease as kleptomania. I do not presume to question that. But, in all cases of genuine kleptomania, it will be found the disease manifests itself in early childhood, and the victim is always marked by certain physical peculiarities. Now, this young woman, with whom I have the pleasure of a slight personal acquaintance, is a perfect physical specimen. She, I believe, gave no indication of her slight moral—peculiarity—shall I call it?"—this with a particularly disagreeable smile on the speaker's part—"until she was fully of age, and had seen enough of the world to make her believe the expenditure of money for any article which she could obtain by—

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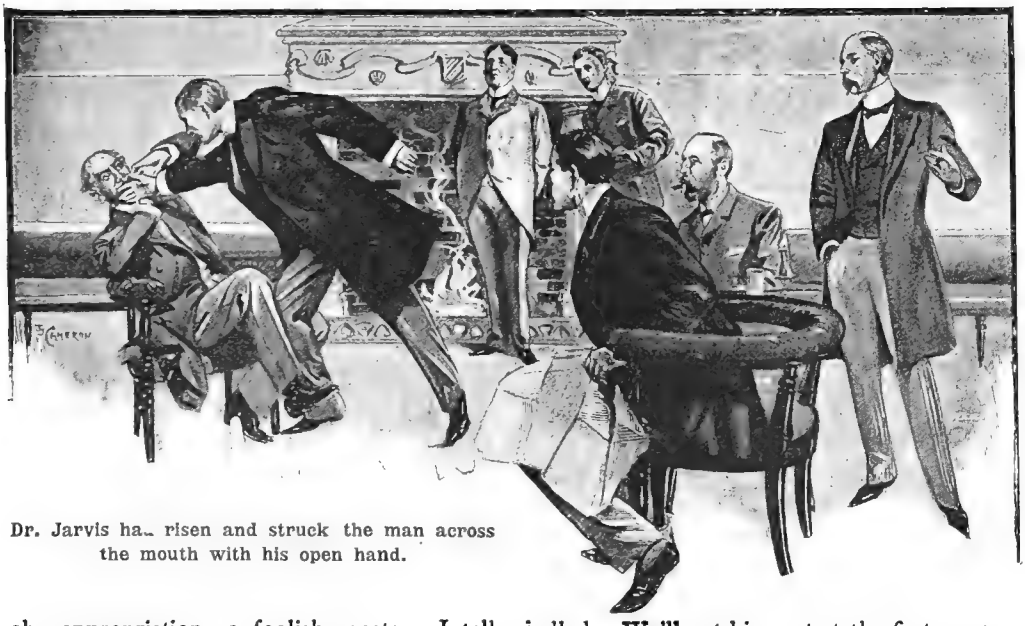

Dr. Jarvis ha.. risen and struck the man across the mouth with his open hand.

ah—appropriation—a foolish waste. I tell you this woman is a common thief, and ought——"

This sentence was never completed, for Dr. Jarvis had risen and struck the man across the mouth with his open hand. All the men in the room sprang to their feet, expecting to see the foreigner resent the blow as any of them would have done. Instead, he simply picked up his hat and gloves, and as he turned to leave the room, said in a strangely steady, low monotone, with a still further narrowing of his long, slit-like eyes:

"Ah! you resent my words in regard to the—ah—lady. Take care that you do not some day become infected with this strange disease, Dr. Jarvis." Before the astonished Jarvis could reply, the door had closed behind the man.

"Who is this cad, this Dr. Moskowitz?" MacDonald demanded after all the men in the room had agreed that the fellow richly deserved the blow Dr. Jarvis had given him. "And what did he mean by what he said to Jarvis?"

"As to what he meant—he probably didn't mean anything," Jarvis replied hotly, "it's only his caddish way of talking. As to who he is—he's some Russian or Pole that old Johnson picked up the last time he was abroad, and brought back with him and tried to introduce into society here. It was Johnson's influence that got him into the club, though as we all know, he ought to have been blackballed. We'll get him out at the first opportunity. It's particularly indecent of him to have spoken of Miss Campbell as he did—it's such clear pique—for everybody knows he paid her the most devoted attention and tried his best to marry her until she sent him away."

The following evening Dr. Jarvis sat alone with his *fiancée* in her father's drawing-room. After several ineffectual attempts on the doctor's part to lead the conversation up to the theme that was uppermost in his mind, he finally succeeded in alluding—as delicately as only a man of his peculiarly refined temperament could—to the current rumour in regard to the girl, and to his own unwavering belief in her honesty as far as all moral responsibility was concerned. Miss Campbell, who had seemed unusually nervous all the evening, burst into hysterical tears. The physician's side of her lover's nature asserted itself, and he allowed her to sob out her first wild passion of humiliation until she regained her characteristic calm dignity. Then she rose, and, laying her head on Dr. Jarvis' arm, looked into his eyes, and said:

"Walter, I am glad you have spoken to me about this at last. I have been trying to summon courage to tell you about it all—about everything—but I am a woman, and although I knew it was weak, I have postponed it from time to time. For I feared when I had told you it would cost me your love and—God only knows what that means to

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me . . . so I have gone on—like a coward, perhaps—saying nothing and only trying to cling for a little while longer to the only thing that made my life worth living."

The girl's voice quivered pitifully, but after a few minutes she controlled herself, and went on bravely: "What they say is true, but—believe me if you can, Walter—I cannot help it. Morally speaking I am not to blame; I swear this to you—as there is a just God, he must know. But, of course, the world believes me guilty, and in the eyes of the law I am guilty."

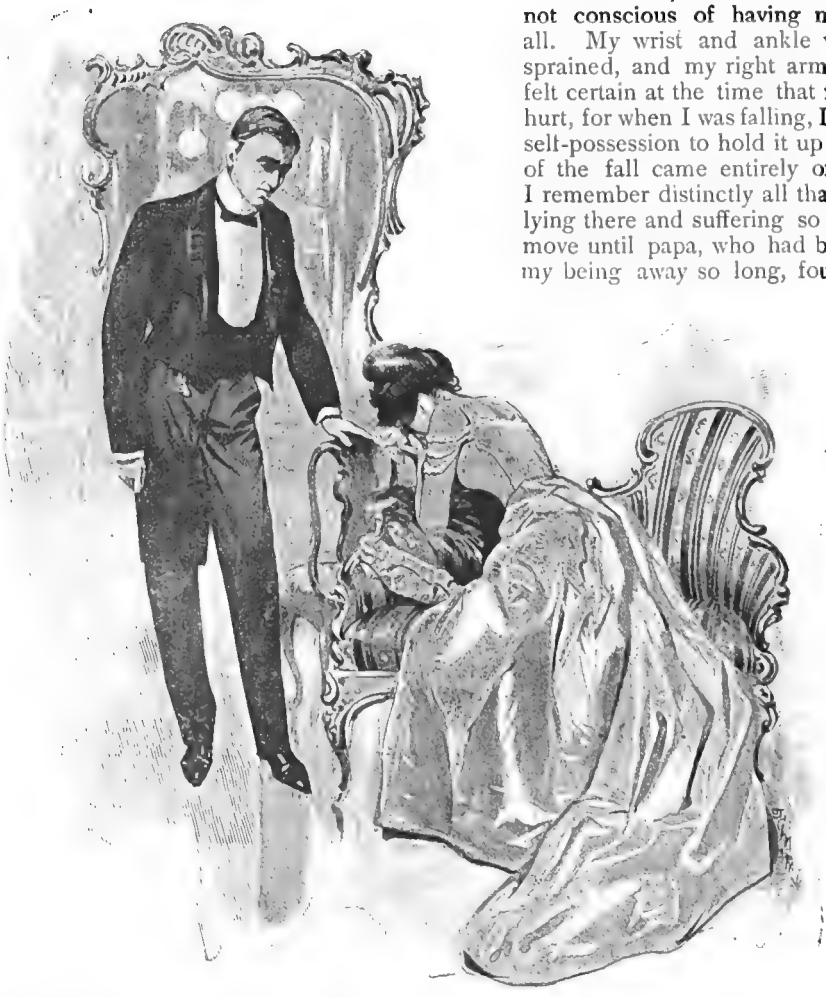
Miss Campbell was deathly pale, and trembled so violently that Dr. Jarvis insisted upon taking her hand and leading her to a seat. Then kneeling by her side, and taking both her hands in his, he again assured the girl of his unchanging devotion, and reaffirmed his belief in her moral innocence.

"Tell me, Mabel," he begged, "all about it, from the very beginning, you know—when you first had this uncontrollable inclination to take things which did not belong to you."

"That is very easy, Walter," the girl answered. "It was only after the fall I had from my bicycle early in the summer—that I have told you about—in the Tyrol where papa and I were staying."

"Ah," interrupted the young physician quickly, "were you unconscious after the fall, or hurt about the head in any way?"

"Walter, that is the strange part of it," the girl replied in a lowered voice, and with an appealing, half-frightened look into her lover's eyes; "it is something I have never been able to understand, for when I fell I certainly was not conscious of having my head hurt at all. My wrist and ankle were both badly sprained, and my right arm was broken. I felt certain at the time that my head was not hurt, for when I was falling, I retained enough self-possession to hold it up so that the force of the fall came entirely on my right side. I remember distinctly all that happened—my lying there and suffering so that I could not move until papa, who had become uneasy at my being away so long, found me and had me carried home on a stretcher. Even when I was put to bed and they had sent for a doctor, I was not conscious of any pain about my head."



Miss Campbell, who had seemed unnaturally nervous all the evening, burst into tears.

"Who was the physician that attended you, dear?" Dr. Jarvis asked.

"Dr. Moskowitz. You know him, I think," Miss Campbell replied. "He was the nearest physician.

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Papa and I were stopping at a farmhouse, you know—and—" here the girl paused in her evident embarrassment—"Dr. Moskowitz had come to the same neighbourhood about a week after we did, and was boarding on an adjoining farm."

Miss Campbell's expression was one of unconcealed repulsion as she added: "There were many reasons why I would have preferred almost any physician in the world to Dr. Moskowitz. But papa insisted, for you know this man is said to be an unusually skilful surgeon. Besides, there was no other doctor in the immediate neighbourhood, and I was suffering so badly that papa wanted me relieved as soon as possible.

"After Dr. Moskowitz had attended to my sprains and set my broken arm he began to examine my head carefully, feeling it—you know how doctors do—in different places. Then he declared that it had been injured—even though I was not conscious of it—to such an extent that an operation would be necessary. Papa demurred at first, and suggested waiting until another physician could be called in consultation. But Dr. Moskowitz insisted that any delay would be dangerous, and that the sooner the operation was performed the better, assuring papa of course that any physician would agree with him. So at last papa consented. I was given ether, and that is the last I know until I woke up, my head feeling dreadfully sore, and all bandaged.

"When the nurse that papa telegraphed for arrived from London, Dr. Moskowitz told her that my head had been hurt so by my fall that it had been necessary to 'trepan,'—I think he called it—my skull, but when I told the nurse how unconscious I was that I had hurt my head in any way she looked peculiar, and said it was the 'strangest case she had ever heard of.'"

"Wait a minute, Mabel," said Dr. Jarvis tenderly, "you must know how I hate to question you or to seem inquisitive about such things, but it is best that I should understand as far as possible. Wasn't this Dr. Moskowitz a suitor of yours once?"

"Yes, Walter; he asked me to marry him last spring, but I refused him, of course. I always had a sort of repulsion for the man, one of those 'Dr. Fell' dislikes that one can never account for. But my dislike to him then was nothing compared with what it was after that reception at the Marshalls, where I met him for the first time after—well, after I had refused to marry him, you know." The girl paused a moment, then continued: "It was all so singular—everything that happened that evening, that I think I will tell you about it, for it may have some 'bearing on the case,' as you doctors say, though I can't see just how."

Dr. Jarvis pressed his *fiancée's* hand sympathetically, and the girl went on:

"In some way we all got to talking about hypnotism, and Dr. Moskowitz told us that he was a very successful amateur hypnotist, and asked if any of us would like to become his 'subject' that evening, assuring us that hypnotism was really beneficial instead of injurious, and that he often employed it in his practice for the cure of nervous diseases and that sort of thing. Well, several of us offered to try it, or, rather, to allow him to try his powers upon us, and I was foolish enough to be one of these. After he had succeeded in making the others do some rather funny things, and a good many silly ones, it was my turn, and I begged him not to make me do anything silly. 'I will make you do nothing silly,' he replied, but as soon as I felt myself getting under his influence—and if you've never been hypnotized you don't know what a horrible feeling that is—I felt, too, that he was trying to force me to do something wrong—to secretively take something that did not belong to me—to steal, in fact. He suggested—mentally, of course—several things, handsome bits of *bric-à-brac* about the drawing-room, and pieces of Mrs. Marshall's jewellery, which I would have had an opportunity of taking when I went up to her boudoir to put on my wraps.

"For a while it was literally a battle of wills—Dr. Moskowitz's against my own. However, I would not give up, and resisted successfully all his suggestions."

"Cur! He will have to answer for this," exclaimed Dr. Jarvis indignantly. "But go on, dear."

"Finally," Miss Campbell concluded, "Dr. Moskowitz laughed, and declared he had got hold of a subject who could not be hypnotized, and I returned to my seat feeling rather weak and ill from the effects of the mental struggle, which was stronger than you can probably realise. Afterwards, when I saw Dr. Moskowitz privately for a moment, I asked him how he dared to suggest such a thing to me, or to take advantage of my hypnotic state to force me to do something wrong. He indignantly denied the imputation, and declared it was all my imagination, that such a thing had never entered into his head.

"Still, I am sure, it was not imagination

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on my part, and I cannot help thinking that he must have, in some way—I cannot understand how—have hypnotized me later when I was in his power—under ether, you know, for the operation, or by some other means—Heaven only knows what. He must have forced my mind into a channel which compels me to do wrong. It is a terrible accusation to make against a man, and may sound as if I were trying to exonerate myself by placing the blame on someone else. But this I tell you, Walter, on my honour, that while all my life before that time I would have recoiled with horror from the bare idea of taking the most trifling thing that did not belong to me, yet from the time I began to recover from this operation I had an insane desire to steal. No one on earth knows how I have struggled against this desire—this mania, for that is what it amounts to. Strange to say, my moral sense has never been killed, or even numbed, as one would suppose a thief's would be. I have realised all along—even when I was committing the acts—how wrong, how terribly wicked it all was, but I simply could not help it.

"At first I thought perhaps I could overcome it by going into society, and getting diverted from myself in that way. But the feeling only became stronger; so to try to save other people from my thefts (isn't the word a horrible one?) and myself from further humiliation, I have secluded myself here at home, and scarcely dare to go outside my own room, for fear I should, in some strange way, against my will, be forced to take something that is not mine. Whenever I go out to do any necessary shopping I always take more than double the amount of money I really need, to try to guard myself against temptation as far as possible. But it is no use. I do not seem to be able to resist secreting things about my person—actually stealing them, even when I have the money in my pocket to pay for them ten times over."

"My darling, you must not pain yourself by talking any more about this horrible thing to-night, but I wish you had told me all about it before, for I believe I could have found a solution, and possibly a cure. No," he added, in reply to a suggestion of his betrothed, "I will not release you from your engagement, and neither must you go to an institution or asylum to be treated—certainly not yet, until I have tried every means in my own power first."

Then a sudden thought seemed to occur to the doctor. "Mabel," he said, "one more question before I leave. Did you see anything of this Dr. Moskowitz in the Tyrol, before you were hurt?"

"Yes, Walter, he came to see me once, and renewed his offer of marriage. When I refused him the second time, he told me I would be sorry some day. I told him I was not afraid of him. He replied, with a sneer, 'There is more than one way of getting even with a proud woman, and remember you are not dealing with a blundering American or a thick-skulled Englishman.'"

* * * *

As the result of Dr. Jarvis' consultation with several of the most eminent brain and nerve specialists in London, Miss Campbell consented to undergo an operation.

"A dangerous experiment," the doctor acknowledged, "but one that I believe can be safely carried through. If I am on the right track, as I have every reason to think, it is the only radical cure for you, my darling."

"I will take any risk that you suggest, Walter, and gladly," the girl replied, "for if I am not cured of this disease—mania, call it what you will—I will put an end to my existence, for I cannot live any longer as a thief."

A few days later, Miss Campbell lay unconscious in the private operating room of the man who is generally acknowledged to be London's most skilled surgeon. Besides the chief surgeon and a trained nurse there were several physicians present, among them Dr. Jarvis. The girl's hair was shaved over the spot where the cicatrix indicated the former wound had healed. Fresh incisions were made directly alongside the old ones, and a small piece of the scalp was laid back, exposing the skull to view. It was evident in a moment to the trained eye of the surgeon that the operation of trepanning had been recently performed. But what was the object of that trepanning? From the girl's own account she had sustained no injury to her head, sufficiently severe to warrant such an operation, yet the suture clearly indicated that there had been a fracture of the skull. That fracture was the strange feature, for instead of being jagged and uneven as a fracture caused by a blow or a fall usually is, it was clean cut and straight as if it had been made by a knife, or more probably a tiny surgical saw. Carefully and with infinite pains the surgeon slipped aside the little silver plate supporting the fractured skull, and there beneath, pressing directly against the brain itself, was a small ivory disk, about the size

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of one's thumbnail. To remove this and again trepan the skull and sew up the incision in the scalp, was but a matter of a few minutes.

Several weeks later, when Miss Campbell had sufficiently recovered to be carried down-stairs, she received Dr. Jarvis for the first time since the operation. The girl was weak and very pale from the effects of her suffering and long confinement, but there was a happy light in her eyes, and she was smiling as her *fiancé* had not seen her for months.

"Tell me, Walter, what is it? How was it done? I know the operation was a success, but I don't understand why. I only know that as soon as I regained consciousness I felt that the old horrible desire to take what did not belong to me—to steal—was gone, just as the desire first came on me when I was recovering from the other, the first operation."

Dr. Jarvis stooped and tenderly kissed the radiant girl, then taking something from his pocket he said: "Mabel, this letter I received a few days after the operation will explain everything to you as it has to me. I only wish it were possible for me to meet the writer of it again. I suspected something of the man's villainy from what you told me—that was the clue I worked on—but I did not believe it was possible for human wickedness to go so far. Listen:

I remember lying there and suffering . . . . until papa found me and carried me home on a stretcher.

"Dr. Jarvis—Honored and respected English Gentleman,—Allow me to congratulate you upon having outwitted a man who, under another name, is generally conceded to be the cleverest in Russia. If you and your associates had known who I really was—or, perhaps, if you had known even one of my other aliases—you would, I fancy, have been scarcely so willing to accept me into your club, nor would I have been received in the society I have, here in London.

"You blundering Englishmen—your stupidity makes me sick. You are as bungling and clumsy in your methods of crime as in everything else, and you take it for granted all the world is like you. Because I did not use the wrong forks at dinner, and knew how to wear a dress suit, you concluded that I was a gentleman. Did it never occur to you, my dear friend, that because I was an educated and polished man, I was a dangerous one? Because I had studied medicine, and hypnotism and phrenology—the last two only as they are taught in India—were not my weapons more dangerous than those of an ignorant man, and was I not more capable of taking a

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Doctor Moskowitz told us he was a successful hypnotist . . . and several of us allowed him to try his powers upon us.

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more subtle and lasting, and less clumsy revenge? You know that now, but you never suspected it before; and if you had not been gifted with more cleverness and insight than most of your stupid Anglo-Saxon race, you would never have known, and my revenge would have been complete. I can admire ingenuity in others even when it is to my own undoing. Because you have proved yourself a genius sufficient to baffle my own genius, I respect you, and will tell you some of the details of my work. My English may not be perfect—but I think you can understand.

"The only revenge that there is any satisfaction in taking on a woman is to humble her, and to do that most effectually one must injure her reputation. There is, however, a certain type of woman whose acme of suffering is not reached until she knows herself to be guilty. Of this type is the woman whom you love, and whom I hate. No matter how the world condemned this woman, if she knew herself innocent she could retain her self-respect, and carry her head proudly through it all. Even you must acknowledge the beauty, the artistic perfection of my revenge when I tell you that I planned to make this woman not only appear criminal in the eyes of the world, but to make her actually a criminal in her own eyes. To do this I resorted first to the method that has given me success over other enemies—hypnotism. But the girl's will was stronger than I had supposed. I could not subdue it; consequently I failed there.

"I had one recourse left to accomplish my purpose. I determined to put into practice a theory I had learned and seen demonstrated while I was in the East. Still my love—passion, give it what name you choose—for the girl was so great that I decided to give her one more chance. Again I asked her to marry me, but she refused—this time with more apparent aversion than before. Then nothing on earth would have deterred me from my purpose. We were practically alone—this woman, her father and I—in an isolated part of the Tyrol. I knew the path she was in the habit of taking when riding on her bicycle. I knew, too, that she was in the habit of returning about dusk. I placed an obstruction in the path, one that would not have been noticed in the twilight except by a very close observer.

"The fall occurred as I had intended, but the injuries were not what I had intended. Her head had not been hurt, as I supposed it would be; still this did not discourage me. I was the only physician within miles around, and I was called in, as I knew I would be. I told her and her father that trepanning her skull would be necessary; there was no one there to contradict me. It *was* necessary after I had opened the skull over the lobe of the brain which certain phrenologists teach us controls the acquisitiveness—or desire for it—of an individual. You must admit that I am a good surgeon. This was an operation that required both skill and cunning. After I had placed the little ivory disk so that it would affect the nerves controlled by this portion of the brain, I trepanned the skull, and had everything in order before another physician or even the trained nurse had time to arrive.

"It seems strange to you, does it not, that a man like myself should waste time and energy in humiliating a girl whose only sin was her dislike for me? Well, you are an Anglo-Saxon—I a Slav. There is no more to be said.

"As to how my experiment succeeded, that you know as well as I do. The girl became a thief from the moment she regained consciousness, and the love of stealing grew upon her as the months passed. She had the humiliation of being looked upon as a thief, and of being discarded by her former friends, but, far worse—to a woman of her temperament—she had the realisation of being actually as guilty as she was believed to be. My revenge was complete; there was only one thing needed to add to my triumph, and that was that you, whom I knew she loved better than her own life, should break your engagement—decline to marry a thief. But for the first time in my life I have been outwitted by an Anglo-Saxon. You must have suspected my design—in part, at least—for I heard last night of the operation that had been performed yesterday and of the ivory button that had been removed from where I placed it. I bow to the genius that is able to compete with and to overthrow my own. I have feared you for some time, consequently have kept out of your way; now I shall take care to do so the remainder of my life, or of yours.

"I am safe in writing you this, for by the time you receive it I shall, under a different name and a different disguise, be in mid-ocean. Further—and this in all friendliness—I warn you that it would merely be a waste of your time and money, possibly of your valuable life also, to ever seek to regain any trace of him whom you knew under the name of SERGIUS MOSKOWITZ."

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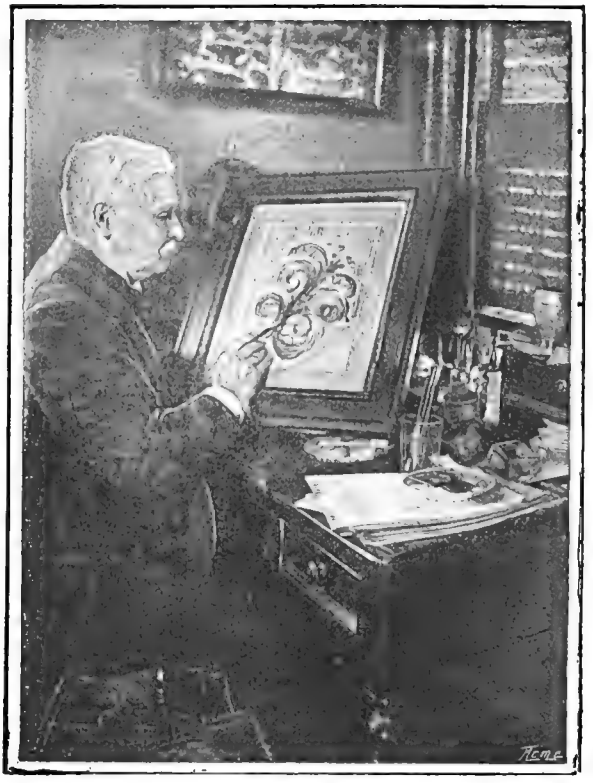

Mr. Moutoux at work in his studio.

PICTURES IN HAIR.

By C. Montgomery M'Govern.

Illustrated with Photographs.

It would be a difficult matter to find a more curious occupation than that of Mr. William E. Moutoux, a white-haired old gentleman who lives in the quiet village of Wakefield, New York. There is no one word that can be used to denote the nature of Mr. Moutoux's occupation. He terms himself "artist," but this word is too general to give an adequate idea of what his curious occupation is. The old gentleman is indeed an artist inasmuch as he is a maker of pictures, but he is not an artist inasmuch as he never uses paper, pencil, paint, canvas or brush. "Picture-of-hair-maker" is about the only term that can describe Mr. Moutoux's business, so I must ask the reader's permission to coin that word.

The pictures which Mr. Moutoux makes are of all classes—that is he makes landscapes, portraits, mythological conceptions, etc.—but in each case the picture is composed entirely of human hair, not a touch of paint nor stroke of pencil being used in any part of his pictures. No subject is too technical, no shape so beautiful, no expression so fine that Mr. Moutoux cannot depict it in hair. He brings out a true likeness in a repose portrait, any peculiarity about the expression being faithfully reproduced, and the next day he begins work upon such a distinct thing as an animated picture of the charge of a squadron of dragoons, and so wonderful is his peculiar gift for arranging hair, that with a few hairs placed here and a few others placed there he brings out the expression of frenzy in the troopers' eyes and the gleam of sympathetic excitement in the eyes of their steeds.

Probably the most remarkable of the portrait pictures of Mr. Moutoux is that of General Ulysses Grant. The artist was one of that great general's soldiers during the American Civil War, and thus had abundant opportunity for the study of General Grant's countenance. When the war was over Mr. Moutoux determined to have a unique souvenir of those turbulent times, so he went to work and collected a lock of hair from as many members of Grant's army as could be reached. With these thousands of locks, which were of all shades from light yellow, dark brown, jet black, to very white, Mr. Moutoux set carefully to labour, and the portrait of General Grant was the result. A photograph of this picture, much reduced, is published on another page.

Of those pictures of Mr. Moutoux, which combined the delineation of graceful form and delicate expression, his copy in hair of the mythological painting of the "Erl King"—with its flying horse with outstretched neck and straining muscles, with its strongly-formed king, with its circling clouds and the delicate curvings in the forms of the female air-spirits—is probably the best. The bodies of the females and the face of the "Erl King" are made of pure white hair, the shading of the forms being made of jet black hair of gradations of fineness.

The body of the horse is of chestnut hair, its muscles being brought out by super-imposed brown. Down in the lower portion of the picture are seen a fence and some trees, pigmies in

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proportion to the flying horse. These trees are in high relief, the rest of the picture being almost flat, yet the details in every tree are so carefully worked out in hair that it is almost impossible to detect that there is any hair in their composition; in fact, they appear as though they had been patiently hewn out of real wood by a sculptor's hand.

Another difficult picture is one showing Christ being taken from the cross and placed in the sepulchre. The dead look on the Saviour's countenance, with the agonised expression of his mother and the sorrow of his disciples, form the most wonderful piece of work ever done in hair. Mr. Moutoux prizes this picture so much that he has repeatedly refused offers to sell it for as high as $5000 (£1000).

A portrait of General Grant, composed of thousands of human hairs, each from a different head. The hairs were selected from men who fought under Grant in the American Civil War.

Mr. Moutoux possesses the distinction of having held in his hands the hair of nearly every very great celebrity, man and woman, during the nineteenth century. People in all parts of the United States and Europe have sent or brought him hair to be made into pictures, and it is in this way that he has been able to handle the hair of so many prominent persons —from George Washington, who died a hundred years ago, to Charles Dickens, who died a quarter of a century back, down to President McKinley.

On the day I spent in the studio of the interesting "picture-of-hair-maker" a stranger was announced who insisted upon seeing the artist immediately. It appeared that the man was a western millionaire who had heard of Mr. Moutoux' work on the Pacific coast, and had come all the way to see him personally as he had a commission he wanted executed under his very eyes. The millionaire had in his possession thirteen hairs of the same colour, each about eight inches long. He told the artist he wanted these hairs made into some sort of a picture, but that he would insist upon the picture being made in his presence in order that he might be absolutely positive that these thirteen hairs alone were used in the picture, and all of them.

I smiled at the solicitude of the millionaire, and at the prospect of making a hair picture out of some 104 inches of thread, but Mr. Moutoux at once replied that he could do as he was asked. I was afterwards told by the artist that such requests were by no means uncommon on the part of his patrons.

"Can you make me a picture of George Washington?" the millionaire eagerly asked. "Easy," was Mr. Moutoux's ready reply, "but you must be content with a silhouette." It was three hours before the picture was completed, and framed in a solid gold frame, but time did not seem to drag, for it was an interesting sight to both the millionaire and myself as we sat by the artist and watched his treatment of the evidently precious hairs. When he had finished we saw a good likeness of the "Father of his Country" outlined on an oval piece of ivory —ivory or ground glass performs the same

The "Erl King." A wonderful picture wrought entirely in human hair.

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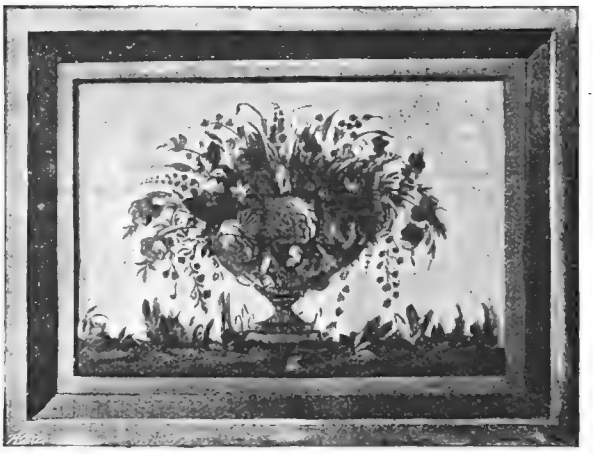

A basket of flowers made exclusively from the hair of the owner, his wife, and their eight children.

office in a hair-picture as the canvas does in an ordinary painting.

The millionaire was highly pleased with the result, paid the artist double the fee he mentioned, and then told us the reason he valued those thirteen hairs so extremely. "They were taken from the head of George Washington during the War of Independence," said the millionaire, as he kept his eyes fastened on the picture. "Each hair represented one of the thirteen original States of the Union. They were secured by my great grandfather, and they have been treasured by the eldest son of our family ever since, for we have a sort of feeling that as long as these hairs are kept safe by our family just so long will the United States remain a great country; and I was afraid the hairs might get lost unless they were put into some shape that would enable me to show them without risk of their accidental loss."

It is not alone because they are made of human hair that Mr. Moutoux's pictures are so unusual. In almost every instance they have additional value by the fact that the hair itself bears some natural association to the picture which it constitutes. For example, in making a hair-portrait, Mr. Moutoux never uses any hair to his hand, as an artist uses any paint that is most convenient. The hair used by Mr. Moutoux is taken from the head of some person near or dear to the person whose portrait is being made. More frequently the portrait is made with hair taken from the head of the person represented in the picture. It is quite a common thing for a widow to come to Mr. Moutoux with a package of hair of her dead husband to be made into a portrait of him; the idea being that hair even in picture form can never decay. It is of course obvious that in such cases the finished picture must usually be a monochrome—a one-colour portrait.

Mr. Moutoux permitted me to take a photograph of one hair-picture, made in shades grading from light flaxen to black, and then to aged white. All the hair used in making the picture had been cut from the same head at various times, and the picture showed the appearance of the plot in the cemetery where the person, whose hair was still fresh, was taking his long last sleep.

A remarkable hair picture. The scene is the grave of a person from whom at different times of his life sufficient hair was cut to compose the picture.

Mr. Moutoux's efforts are not confined to making general landscapes. He makes a picture of a vase of flowers, of a pet

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dog, and the like, with a result always wonderful. A picture of this kind that Mr. Moutoux showed me was one he was about to send off to the person who had commissioned it. This was a picture of a basket of flowers standing upon a marble table. The basket itself was of a rather dark flaxen shade, beautifully interwoven, the handle of a dark reddish tinge, while the flowers were of eight different shades and varieties. To anyone this would be a pretty picture to keep in the drawing-room, but how infinitely interesting and dear it must be to the real owner. For the basket is made of his own hair, the handle of the hair of his wife, and the flowers of the hair of his eight children, all of whom are now dead.

There is nothing secret or complicated about the manner in which Mr. Moutoux makes his pictures. Let us presume we want a picture of a rider jumping his horse across the bars of a rustic gate; Mr. Moutoux first takes a piece of ground glass, say, about 10ins. by 18ins., which he places in a wooden frame with a stout back. This frame and back are used to support the weight of the artist's arms against the ground glass while the picture is being made. Mr. Moutoux next brings out a piece of elephant's tusk about the size of a saucer, but with upper and lower sides perfectly smooth—smoother than ordinary glass. A pair of steel scissors, a steel crotchet needle, a steel bodkin, a steel knife as sharp as a razor, and a piece of chamois are all his tools. With his bodkin the artist scratches—no other word is more appropriate of this deed—a rough outline of the picture he is to make on the ground glass. Each picture is begun at the top and worked downwards across the whole picture, so Mr. Moutoux makes his sky of one sort of hair, his rider of another sort or sorts, the horse of another, and so on.

Mr. Moutoux has been in the United States since he was fourteen years of age, having been born at Hessen, Germany, in 1844. His hair is perfectly white but he has a fresh youthful-looking complexion. His father was the county physician in his native town, and desiring to make his son a clergyman when he had a natural aptitude for drawing, succeeded in driving the boy from home. Coming to America young Moutoux apprenticed himself to a commercial hair dealers' establishment in New York, and it was this which first gave him the idea of making pictures in hair. Except for the three years he served in the United States army Mr. Moutoux has lived all his life since in New York city, where he belongs to several select clubs and army societies. He has two sons and two daughters, neither of whom is able to make a hair picture, although the father has tried hard to teach them the art.

Photo by The Smith-Hassell Co.

The prize winner at a recent flower festival.

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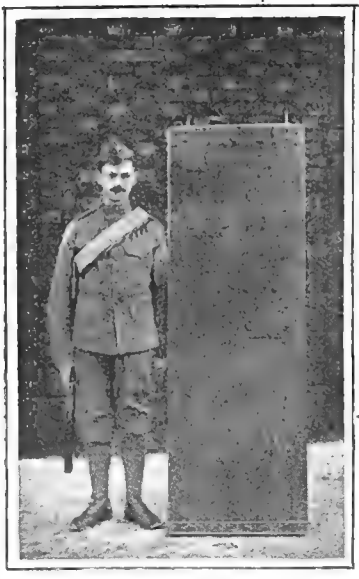
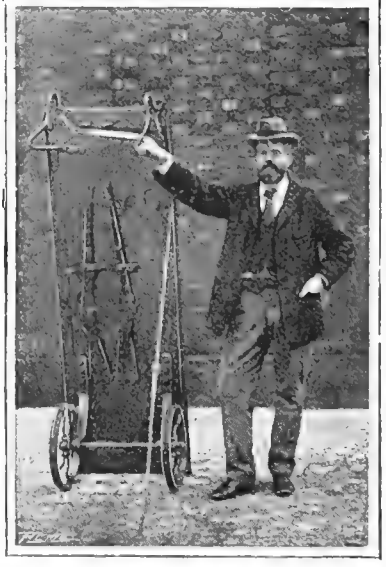


The front of the shield.

AN INGENIOUS BULLET-PROOF SHIELD

By Reginald Maingay.

Illustrated with Photographs.



The shield seen from behind, showing supports for the rifles.

When Lord Roberts surrounded Cronje at Paardeberg he had to advance on the Boer positions by raising an ever narrowing series of trenches, parallel with those of the enemy. Had he advanced immediately and without cover he might have forced the Boers to surrender earlier, but his losses would have been appalling. The digging of trenches necessitated much loss of time, but it had the effect of winning a practically bloodless victory. In order both to save time and life, military men have come to the conclusion that a bullet proof shield will have to be used in positions where the nature of the ground offers inadequate shelter from the searching fire of modern weapons.

Already a large variety of bullet proof shields, of all sorts and sizes, have made their appearance, but the most ingenious by a long way seems to be that which Mr. Fred Wallis, of Birmingham, lately patented, and of which we give some unique photographs in the present article.

Constructed of specially prepared steel, which has been tested by experts, and guaranteed bullet proof at all distances down to twenty yards, Mr. Wallis' invention stands some seventy-one inches high, twenty-four inches wide, and weighs a hundred and ninety-four pounds. The two handles, to be held when the shield is propelled by a man, are collapsible and hang quite out of the way when in action; while the folding rod, which supports the shield in an upright position, can be fixed or replaced in two seconds.

The firing position which two men take up behind the shield is shown in an accompanying photograph. As will be seen, there are only two firing apertures, and yet each shield can, with but small amount of discomfort, be made to provide space behind it for four men to fire from at the same time, two standing, one resting on his knee, and the fourth lying flat on the ground.

In one of our photos we show the position which two men with the shield should take when approaching an enemy within rifle range. In this position the man propelling the apparatus, also his relieving comrade, and any others who might follow in the direct line in the rear, expose only their heads to the fire of the enemy in front. Should a bullet strike the shield,

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The shield may be used as a bedstead or as a covering for a soldier lying upon the ground

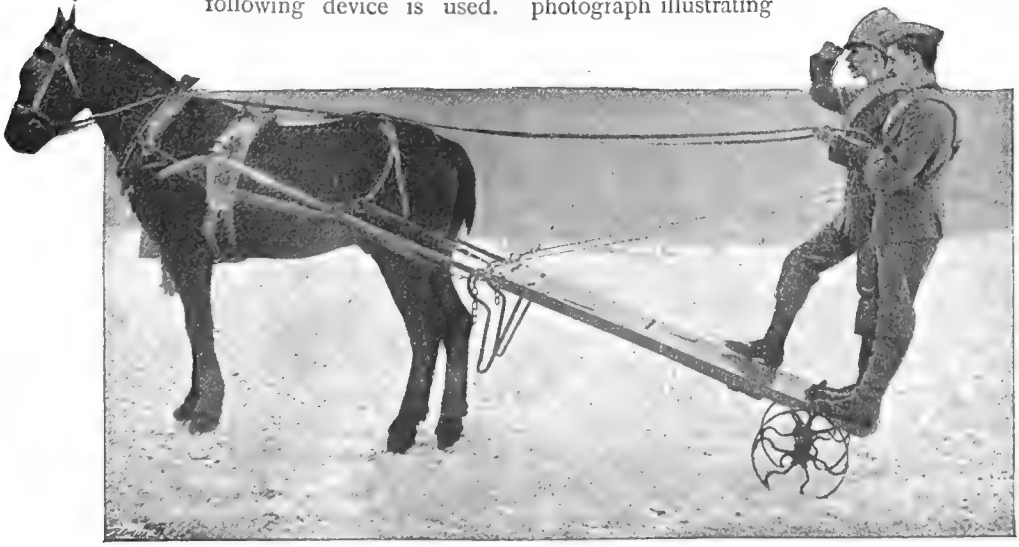
the missile would pass harmlessly over the attacking party. At the first intimation that the range has been reached, the defence can be raised to its full height in one second, and it takes five seconds for the men to get into firing position.

When attacking an enemy up a steep incline, where the shield in an upright position might prove somewhat unsuitable, by reason of a single section not being able to cover many men, and forming a conspicuous target for heavy guns, the following device is used.

It would be very useful for removing the wounded from a battlefield.

The wheels and spindle are detached, the shield is thrown on its side, and by a simple contrivance which can be easily manœuvred the wheels are mounted to each end of the long edge of the apparatus. It then forms a protection twenty-four inches high, and seventy-two inches long, with a covering and firing advantage for six or eight men. When so used, one of the collapsible handles is removed and attached to the side of the shield so as to form a prop answering the same purpose as the long prop which is used when the shield stands in an upright position.

So much for this apparatus when treated as a mere shield. Its superiority over other inventions of a similar nature consists in the by no means unimportant fact that it is capable of being put to so many uses. In the third photograph illustrating



As a one-horse vehicle it is invaluable.

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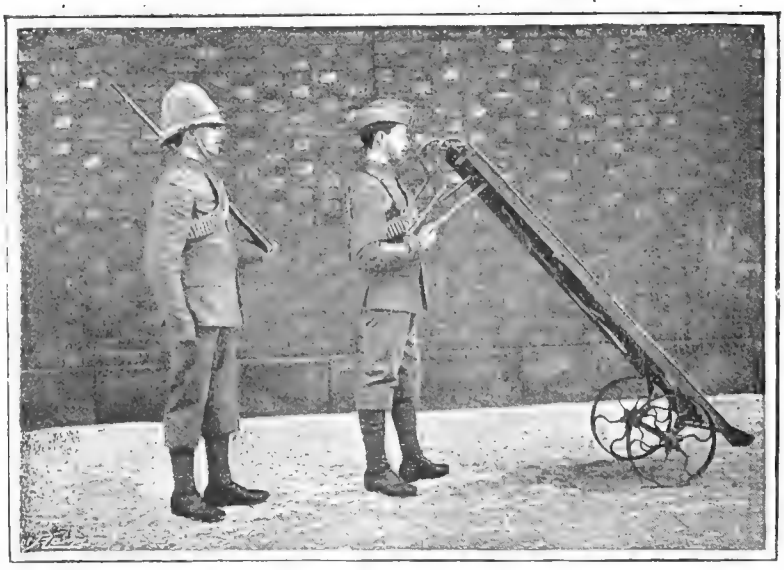


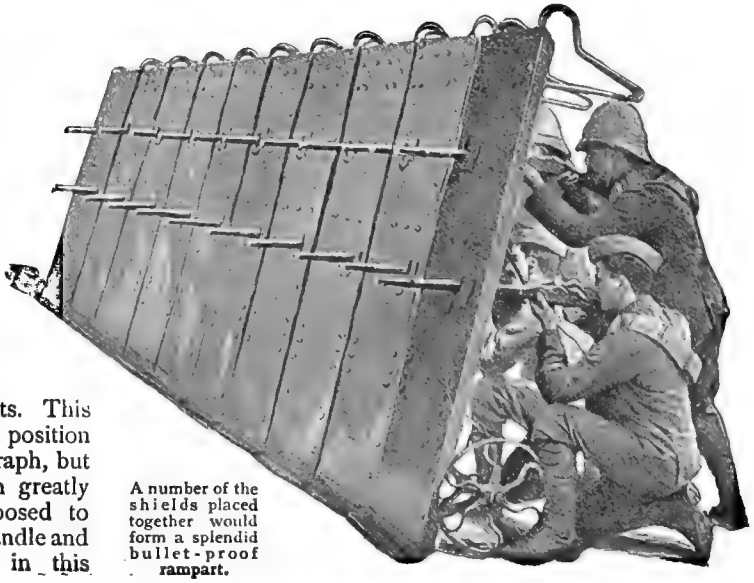
Approaching the enemy within rifle range.

this article, one sees how comfortable a shelter it can be made to provide from the sun or rain; and in the same position it forms also a capital bedstead, which ought to be most useful should an army be encamped on marshy ground. Our soldiers fighting in South Africa would have found the shield a wonderful boon during those nights of terrific rain, when it was impossible to lie down, the whole camp being three or four inches deep in water.

The next photograph shows how the shield should be held when retiring from the field. It will be observed that it still protects the man propelling it, and those marching in front of him, from the rifle fire in the rear. The same photograph also illustrates how the shield can be used as an ambulance for the removal of wounded and dead. It may be objected that the wounded soldier in this position is fearfully exposed to the hostile bullets. This is true, no doubt, in the position as shown in the photograph, but the soldier wheeling can greatly reduce the surface exposed to fire by using the shaft handle and stooping. He could in this way move more rapidly, but would obviously sacrifice the shelter for himself.

The following photograph gives an idea of how the shield can be used for long road marches or rapid movements in time of action. Small ponies or mules are most suitable for the work, and can draw the apparatus along at an astonishing pace. It will be seen in this photograph that the shoulder-strap used when the shield is propelled by a man is now made to serve as a back support to those driving. Attached to ropes or leather reins with spring hooks, it is passed across the small of the back, and gives not only a good and trustworthy support, but takes much of the weight off the front of the apparatus. The wheels are made of strong, malleable steel.

It remains to be said that the shield is simple in construction, can be produced quickly and at a small cost.



A number of the shields placed together would form a splendid bullet-proof rampart.

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The Begum's Diamond.

By John K. Leys.

I.

A tall, cadaverous figure passed up the wide suburban road, dressed in an old frock coat buttoned up to the chin, dirt-coloured trousers, broken boots, and a napless silk hat. So disreputable did this gaunt creature look, that a policeman flashed his lantern in his face as he went by, and saw a long, hunger-wasted face, brown with exposure, close-shaven, with thin hooked nose and compressed lips. The stranger took no notice of the lantern flash, but tramped steadily on.

Presently he came to a large house, standing in half an acre of ground. It was evidently the house of a wealthy man, yet there were signs of neglect about the entrance. The large iron gates were rusty; the shrubs were overgrown; the gravel was dotted with tufts of grass. The words, "Marsden House," on the stucco pillars were half obliterated.

The stranger opened the gate with some difficulty, walked up the avenue, and rang the bell. It was late, so late that the visitor was not surprised that he had to ring a second time before a step was heard in the hall, and the door was opened about six inches.

"What do you want? Go away!" came a harsh voice from within.

"Maurice, don't you know me? It's I, John Wilde."

"Really? Dear me! Well, I shall be very glad to see you to-morrow, John; but it is very late, the servants have gone to bed, and if you have come to stop, there isn't a spare room in the house. Come to-morrow—any time. Good-night."

"Stop, Maurice. Don't shut the door. If you don't let me in I shall have to spend the night on the road. I landed in England only this morning, and I haven't a penny in my pocket."

"Oh, I might have guessed as much. Well, I can lend you a trifle——"

"You had better let me in, Maurice, for I have something to say that may be worth money to you. I am telling you the truth."

Maurice hesitated, but finally curiosity, aided, perhaps, by some sense of shame at turning an old schoolfellow away from his doors on a wet March night, led him to relent.

He opened the door and took his guest across a wide, sparsely-furnished hall to a small room where there was a lamp and a dying fire.

"I suppose I had better get you something to eat," said the host, in no very hospitable tone.

"I wish you would, Maurice; I am famishing," said Wilde, as he crept up to the handful of red ashes in the grate, pressing his cold hands together.

Maurice gave a grunt, lit a candle, and left the room. He was so long away that Wilde ventured to put a few fragments of coal on the fire, lest it should finally go out. He

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apologised for this liberty when his host returned, bearing a tray on which were bread and cheese, with a morsel of cold meat; but Maurice looked sourly at the growing flame and said nothing.

In a few minutes the provisions had vanished, and the stranger looked round for something to drink.

"There's water on the sideboard," said his entertainer; and with water the guest was fain to be content.

"Have you a bit of tobacco about you, Maurice?" said Wilde humbly, drawing his chair a little nearer to the fire. "I have my pipe here, if you don't mind my smoking, but I have had no baccy for the last ten days. You can't think what a deprivation it is to a man like me."

Mr. Maurice pulled out a drawer, and took from it a box of cigarettes, which he laid before his guest.

"I'll take them this way, Maurice, if you don't mind," said the other, and suiting the action to the word, he took four or five of the cigarettes, stripped them of their paper coverings, and rubbing the tobacco together crammed it into the bowl of his black and burnt briar.

Maurice, who had viewed these proceedings with great disfavour, turned his gaze on the fire, and said abruptly:

"What was that you were going to tell me—something you said I might make some money by?"

A queer smile lit up the wanderer's features for a moment, but he smoked on in silence, answering nothing.

"I suppose it was all a pretence—just a dodge to get me to give you a supper and a night's lodgings. You may as well own to that," said Maurice.

"It must be getting on for thirty years since you and I last met, Maurice."

"More than that—but what has that to do with it?"

"You have been making money most of that time, I suppose?"

"Well, I've not done badly."

"You always said you would be a rich man some day, and I suppose you have made your word good." Then, after a long pause—"Do you happen to know anybody that deals in diamonds?"

"Well, for the matter of that, I do a bit in them myself sometimes. But why do you want to know?"

Wilde rose and took off his coat. Then from under his left arm he took what looked like a small and very dirty white handkerchief, tightly rolled together. Holding it in his hand he put on his coat, and then, laying the bit of cloth on the table, he with both hands slowly unrolled it.

Maurice, bending forward, gave a gasp of astonishment. A thing like a captive star lay there before his eyes. It seemed to shine by its own inherent power, radiating light as a sweet-smelling flower radiates scent.

Presently he came to a large house standing in half-an-acre of ground.

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At every smallest movement of the beholder a new coruscation of sparks and rays shot up from its many-sided surface, so that it changed its appearance as if it were alive. In size it was as big as a walnut. Maurice looked up at his old schoolfellow for one instant, and then again dropped his eyes to feast them on the beauty of the great diamond.

"How did you get it?" said he, in a voice hoarse with excitement.

Wilde gave a short laugh. "Well," he said, "you know I studied medicine for a while before I began my wanderings. While I was in one of the native states of India the Begum, who ruled it, fell very ill. Everybody believed that she would die, for the native doctors were doing her no good. So I thought I might as well try my hand at doctoring her. I did so, and, as luckily I had some medicine with me, I succeeded. She gave me this diamond as my fee.

"Of course, it would have been throwing it away to sell it in India. I was bound to bring it to Europe, but the difficulty was that I had no money to take me home. I was half starved before I could scrape together enough to tempt the skipper of an ocean tramp to let me have a bunk in his forecastle. I had to live mostly on the scraps left after the men had finished eating. But I did get here, as you see, and that is the great thing."

"And you want to offer the diamond for sale, I suppose?"

"Yes; and I thought that perhaps you could help me there. For me, in my present state, to offer such a stone for sale would be to excite suspicion. Dealers would believe it was stolen, and either would refuse to buy, or would offer me only a fraction of its value. If you care to sell it for me, I will allow you a commission of five per cent."

"Thanks," said Maurice coldly. He was still looking at the diamond. It fascinated him. He had scarcely listened to what Wilde had been saying, and was forced to ask him to repeat his words. But even then he gave him no answer. He bent nearer and nearer to the wonderful lamp of fire, till his face almost touched it. Then he recollected himself, and with an effort dragged his eyes away from it.

"I have some stones myself," he said, "though, of course, nothing like this. Would you like to see them?"

"Certainly."

The diamonds which Maurice showed to Wilde were of good size, but of inferior lustre, though their owner seemed to consider them very precious. After some time spent in admiring them, Maurice consented to try to sell the big diamond, and suggested that he should take it to Amsterdam, where a better market for it, he said, would be found than in England.

Next morning he advanced Wilde a few pounds to get some clothes, telling him that he would be gone three days, and that if he would come and see him on the evening of the third day, he would report to him what he had done.

At the time appointed Wilde, dressed in shabby ready-made garments, presented himself at Marsden House.

"I am sorry I have no good news for you," said Maurice, when his friend was shown into the room where he sat. "I tried in several quarters, but they wouldn't offer me anything like what you would accept."

Wilde sank into a chair.

"What did they offer?" he gasped out.

"Really, I couldn't get them to make an offer—I mean a serious offer—at all. I think to-morrow you had better try your luck here, in London. I will give you a note to a very respectable firm of diamond merchants in Hatton Garden, and if they can't make you an offer for the diamond themselves, they will no doubt be able to put you in the way of disposing of it."

"I suppose that would be best," said Wilde absently. "Have you—you brought the diamond back with you, I suppose?"

"Of course. Here it is."

He took it from an inner pocket and handed it to Wilde as he spoke. Wilde clutched it eagerly. An undefinable suspicion of Maurice had crept into his mind. No serious offer made for a diamond like his! It was incredible. But after all, he reflected, no harm was done. He would be able to make his own bargain next day. He took the stone to the window to make sure that he had his treasure in his own hands once more. Yes, this was the diamond; there was no doubt of that. And a sigh escaped the lips of the poverty-stricken man as he remembered that after a few hours had gone by, he would never see that glorious jewel again.

"Let us have some supper," said Maurice abruptly. "My journey has made me hungry."

"Of course," said Wilde, when they were seated at table, "I shall be happy to recoup you for the expense you have been put to, and also repay my debt to you, as soon as I have sold the diamond."

"Don't trouble yourself about that," said

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He sprang at the robber, and found himself looking down the barrel of a big revolver.

the other gruffly, and Wilde told himself that he had in some degree misjudged his old schoolfellow. He was a much better fellow than he appeared at first sight.

"Have you ever had your big diamond weighed?" asked Maurice when they had finished supper and were sitting smoking before the fire.

"No; I've never had a chance of getting it weighed. Have you proper scales?"

"I believe I have somewhere. If you like I will see if I can find them."

"If it's not troubling you too much."

"Oh, not at all. I think they are in an old bureau upstairs."

He left the room, and returned after a few minutes' absence with a jewel balance in his hand.

The two men stood one on either side of a small table, with the balance between them. The lamp had been moved to the mantelpiece.

"Seventy-seven carats?" cried Maurice.

"I should have guessed it at more, but it's a splendid weight," he added, handing back the diamond.

"Can you form any — any estimate of what it ought to fetch?" asked Wilde in a voice that trembled a little in spite of himself.

"That depends on whether it is flawless and of good water or not. If it is really a perfect diamond it might sell for anything between thirty and fifty thousand pounds. — For goodness' sake, my dear fellow put it away at once. It is enough to make a man nervous to see trifles of that value lying about loose."

Wilde, who had placed the diamond on the table, picked it up and put it into his pocket.

"I think I must ask you to excuse me," said Maurice a little later. "I am tired after my journey and I feel very sleepy. But first I will just scribble a line to the diamond merchant."

He got writing materials and wrote the note of introduction, and then handed it to Wilde to read. While Wilde was reading it Maurice wrote another note which he put into an envelope. He then addressed it, and put in the letter of introduction. Wilde did not notice that the two notes had gone into the same envelope. He took it, once more thanked his friend, and went up to bed.

II.

On the following morning he was at the diamond merchant's before the office was open, and as soon as business had begun he was shown into the room of the senior partner, Mr. Mellor.

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"Well, my man, what do you want with me?" said the diamond merchant, casting a glance at his visitor's cheap tweed suit.

"I have a diamond that I want to sell."

"Let me see it, then."

Forgetting the letter of introduction, Wilde took out the big diamond, and laid it in silence upon the desk in front of the merchant.

Mr. Mellor took it up and eyed it curiously. At this point Wilde remembered the letter, which he laid on the desk without speaking.

"Do you imagine this to be a diamond?" asked Mr. Mellor with a smile.

Wilde started, and turned white.

"It is—it is—" he gasped, unable to say another word.

"It is paste, and I'll soon prove it to you," and rising he went to the window. "See here, it doesn't even scratch the glass. I've seen many better imitations than this, though it's better than most, and might easily deceive one who was not——"

He stopped suddenly, startled by a noise behind him. Wilde had fainted, and was lying at full length on the floor.

"God bless me!" cried the diamond merchant, as he struck savagely at the bell on his table, and then tried to raise the fallen man. But a doctor had to be sent for and a vein opened before Wilde recovered consciousness.

He was lying on a couch trying to remember what had happened, when Mr. Mellor's eyes fell upon the yet unopened letter. He read the letter of introduction, and tossed it into the waste-paper basket. Then he read the enclosure:—

"The poor fellow believes in his diamond with all his heart and soul, but I can see that it is only an imitation one. I have not been able to tell him this, and, besides, he would most likely not believe me. But if I am right in thinking that the supposed diamond is merely paste, break it to him gently."

"Very thoughtful of Maurice to hand on the unpleasant job to somebody else," said the diamond merchant to himself, his lip curling. "But the question is what we are to do with him. He seems to be tolerably hard up, and I suppose he imagined that in this worthless imposture he had an immense fortune."

"You said the diamond was a false one. Are you sure?" said a weak voice from the sofa.

"Perfectly sure, my poor fellow. Where did you pick it up?"

"I had it from the Begum of Satara, one of the small native states of India," said Wilde, his great hollow eyes fixed on those of the diamond merchant. "She would not be likely to have false jewels about her."

"No, but she may have been herself imposed on. For the present, however, you are not strong enough to talk about it." He paused. It seemed to him that he had not reached the bottom of the matter, and he was curious to know the facts of the case. "Suppose you come back here at five this afternoon," said he after a pause, "and we will go and dine at a restaurant, and you can tell me all about it."

Wilde accepted the offer gratefully, and then, having pocketed the sham diamond, he took his departure.

III.

A week later a carriage drove up to the gates of Marsden House. With some difficulty the footman opened the rusty iron gates, and the carriage wheels and the hoofs of the handsome grey horses churned up the gravel in front of Mr. Maurice's windows. What was that gentleman's surprise when he saw descending from the brougham his old schoolfellow, John Wilde. So great was his astonishment that it was not till his housekeeper had shown Wilde into the room that he was able to turn round and hold out his hand.

"Really, I am ashamed to have been so long of coming to see you, my dear fellow," cried Wilde, in a loud, cheery voice, as he grasped the limp hand of Mr. Maurice. "You see, what with selling the big diamond——"

"What! You sold it?"

"Yes—of course. I went into town on purpose the last morning I was here."

"Of course—so you did. And did—did Mr. Mellor give you a good price for it?"

In spite of his endeavours to appear natural and at his ease, Maurice's words came out spasmodically, as if they were jerked out of him by some invisible machinery; and all the time his eyes wandered from his visitor to the well appointed equipage at the door with increasing amazement.

"I didn't see Mr. Mellor—he was out of town," responded Wilde. "But one of the fellows in his office gave me a tip, and I went to the right shop after all."

"Then you sold it for—for a satisfactory price?"

"Yes. On the whole I am satisfied. Of course the dealer looks to make a big profit on these transactions, but I think I did pretty

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well. I got thirty-seven thousand five hundred for it."

"Thirty-seven thousand five hundred!" ejaculated Maurice, his jaw falling in pure astonishment.

"Yes," said Wilde with a look of surprise. "Don't you remember you said the value might be anything between thirty and fifty thousand? So when they offered me thirty-five, I stood out for forty thousand for some time, and finally we split the difference. I might have gone farther and fared worse, I thought. But, upon my word, Maurice, I had got to be so fond of the thing that it was quite a wrench to part with it. I kept waking up at night all last week thinking that someone had stolen it from me—I used to wear it under my arm night and day, you know. And it was sad to think that I should never see it again."

Maurice continued to stare at his friend without answering a word.

"What do you think of that turn-out?" went on Wilde, going up to the window. "Nice pair, aren't they? I bought them yesterday. Three hundred guineas—cheap, wasn't it?"

"I—I suppose so."

"I say, Maurice, can I stay overnight, and we can have a long chat about what I ought to do with my money? I half thought of buying an estate and setting up as a country gentleman, but I should like to take your advice about it first."

"Oh, of course—of course," said Maurice, in a dreamy undertone.

"Then I'll tell the man to call for me in the morning," said Wilde; and he stepped to the door and said a word or two to the tall footman, who touched his hat and got up on the box. The coachman flicked his horses and the carriage drove off.

All that evening Maurice seemed like a man in a dream, but Wilde took no notice of his strange absence of mind. He continued talking in a lively strain as to the use he intended to make of his newly-found wealth, the foreign countries he meant to visit, and so on. At last, when it was not far from midnight, he said he was ready for bed, and took his candle from the sideboard where the housekeeper had placed it. Maurice saw him to the foot of the stairs, and heard him go up and shut his bedroom door with a bang. Then he went back into the sitting-room, and closing the door, sat down before the embers of the dying fire. He was strangely agitated. Unable to sit still, he rose, and, going to the door of the room, gently opened it. Outside all was dark, all was silent.

Closing the door again he removed the lamp to a small table that stood in the window, and opening a drawer, he took from it a large screw-driver.

With this instrument he removed the screws that held in its place the small panel or block of wood that closed the hollow place in the window in which the weights were hung that balanced the window-sash. As he worked at the screws his back was turned towards the door. No warning sound reached his ears to tell him that the door had been opened and closed again, and that a tall, dark figure was standing at the farther side of the room.

Having taken out the panel Maurice inserted his hand into the narrow space it had covered, and at the same time raised the window-sash, thus making the weight descend. A moment later he turned to the lamp with something in his hand. Opening his hand he allowed the lamplight to fall on the small object he was holding. It flashed like a meteor—and at that instant a cry burst from Maurice's throat. A hand had been placed in his, and the diamond had been taken from him.

Like a tiger cat he sprang at the robber, and found himself looking down the barrel of a big revolver.

"Keep back!' cried Wilde, or by Heaven I'll drop you where you stand!"

Maurice drew back from that menace of death, and Wilde also took a step backward.

"You false friend—you mean, treacherous hound!" cried Wilde, "I wonder I don't shoot you. You richly deserve it! You would have condemned me to the slow death of starvation, and if it hadn't been for one man's kindness I would have gone under—as no doubt you expected I would do.

"But when I came to think the matter over I saw that you must have taken the diamond from me when you were weighing it, palming off on me a false one which you had got made of the same shape and size as mine, while you were pretending to be at Amsterdam, offering the diamond for sale. I remembered you used to do conjuring tricks at school; and I suppose in the lamplight you had no difficulty in making me accept the counterfeit for the real one.

"It was not till yesterday that it occurred to me that if I could make you believe I had actually sold the diamond for a large sum, you would necessarily think that you had made a mistake, and had kept the paste diamond and allowed me to take away the

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real one. And I felt sure that as soon as you were alone you would take out the real diamond, if it was within your reach, to make sure that you had it and not the counterfeit. That, I saw, would be my chance of getting it back. I mentioned my idea to Mellor, and he gave me money and lent me his carriage and horses to enable me to hoodwink you. And I think I have succeeded in doing so pretty effectually."

Maurice was not listening to him. He was drawing nearer and nearer him; and Wilde noticed that his face was of an unearthly pallor, and his eyes gleamed like strange fire.

"Wilde," he said, speaking very rapidly. "It was not for the value of the diamond I did it. But I couldn't bring myself to part with it. Remember, I had had it all to myself for three days! It had found its way to my heart, and I couldn't give it back to you. I can't now. Let me see it again, Wilde! Don't sell it! Keep it, and let me see it sometimes, or I shall kill you."

"Hush, Mrs. Venner," he said, "not a word to anyone. It's a great secret."

"You must be mad!" cried Wilde, half in anger, half in alarm. "Let you see my diamond after what has happened! Not likely! You may think yourself very lucky that you are not sleeping at the police station to-night. If it were not for a promise I made to Mellor I would give you in charge." He thrust his hand into his pocket and produced the sham diamond which had been palmed off upon him. "There's *your* diamond—you may look at that as long as you like!" He laughed, threw the paste diamond on the table, and backed out of the room.

Next morning Mrs. Venner, Maurice's housekeeper, found her master pacing up and down the room in his dressing-gown, as Wilde had left him the night before. As soon as he saw her he put his finger to his lips, and, peering round her into the empty passage, crept up to her on tiptoe.

"Hush, Mrs. Venner," he said in a loud whisper, "not a word to any one. It is a great secret—the greatest of all possible secrets—but I'll tell you, Mrs. Venner, because—well, because it is, on the whole, safer that someone should know it. I have got a diamond here of great size and enormous value. I could sell it easily for at least three hundred million pounds!"

His voice sank to a thrilling whisper; he pointed with dumb significance to his breast, started and cast suspicious blood-shot eyes about the room. Mrs. Venner stared at him in blank amazement, which soon turned to fear, when he suddenly burst into a low, long-drawn, maniacal laugh. With the same soft, furtive tread he approached the shrinking woman.

"Think of it, Mrs. Venner—three hundred million pounds! But I won't—no, no, I won't, for it is more to me than all the gold in the world. It is a living thing, Mrs. Venner—a living thing! It shines and glitters."

He looked at her with the cunning glance of a madman, and held up to her gaze the paste diamond. The false thing glittered brightly in the rays of the morning sun. The self-deluded man kissed it rapturously, and thrust it into his bosom.

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By Dr. Cyrus Edson.

Before presenting any views as to the possibility of prolonging life, it will be interesting to note, briefly, the scientific definition of life itself. According to Huxley, life is distinguished first, by the properties of chemical composition, containing among other compounds the so-called protein, which has never yet been obtained except as a product of living bodies; secondly, by its universal disintegration and power of re-integration by the aid of new matter; and, thirdly, its tendency to undergo cyclical changes.

Long before Huxley, in the beginning of this century, the question, "What is life?" was ever present in the mind of John Hunter, unrivalled as a physiologist and surgeon. He considered it an agency working under the control of law and exercising its functions in various modes and degrees. He looked upon it as a great chemist, a power capable of manufacturing a variety of substances into one kind of generally distributed nutriment, and of furnishing from these a still greater variety of dissimilar substances. He did not hold, however, to a merely chemical or material theory of life, for the dead body has all the composition it ever had. "Life," he said, "is either something superadded to matter, or else consists in a peculiar arrangement of certain fine particles of matter, which being thus disposed acquire the properties of life."

Thomas Parr, the longest lived of any Englishman of whom authentic records are obtainable. He lived in the reign of ten sovereigns, married a second wife at 120 and had a child by her. He died in 1635, age 152 years.

It is now conceded by scientists that life starts from a bit of protoplasm—a cell. The simplest form of cell we know anything about are the uni-cellular forms of life. Each of these consist of one single round cell, visible under the microscope, and capable of multiplying itself by sub-division. For such a cell as that there is immortality. It never dies, because the parent cell becomes two cells, and there is no corpse.

The human body is composed of an almost infinite number of cells, which have become adapted to certain special functions. Some of these cells, in this process of adaptation, have been placed in wrong conditions—they are out of the sphere to which they properly belong. If it were possible to place them under the conditions to which they are adapted they would never die. They die simply because they are out of their proper element.

It is a singular and interesting fact that the life of an animal is always about five times the period that its long bones take to harden, or, as physiologists say, to complete ossification of the bony structure. Flourens, a well-known physiologist, formulated this law which applies to the entire animal kingdom, including man. As it takes twenty years for the bones of a man

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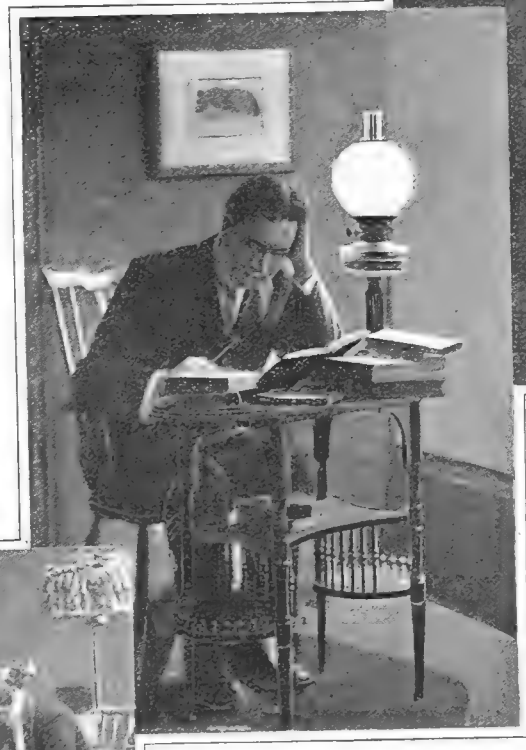
to harden, he would, scientifically speaking, be entitled to live a century. The principal reason that he rarely attains this age is because he does not live a natural life, which, in some respects at least, would conform to that of the natural or savage man.

It is only by comparing the present with the distant past that we can form a rough idea of future possibilities as to human longevity. And such speculations are not always satisfactory, because those who watched and studied the stream of life in the older days have left us no exact measurements, but only vague calculations of a general character Moreover, unforeseen factors are constantly coming to the surface which upset all our calculations and bring us back, in our speculations, nearly to our starting point.

Careful investigators in the subject of life insurances have done much to enable us to obtain the average duration of a man's life, and the best indication of longevity in a community is given by the "expectation of life" from any given age. This is obtained by adding together the number of years which the entire population live from any specified age, and dividing the resulting total "years of life" by the number living at the year of age for which the expectation of life is desired. Thus we may find the duration of the portion of human life which an individual at any age may expect to enjoy. Life insurance companies in this way have been able to collect sufficient numbers of cases of their own experience on which to base trustworthy calculations showing the expectation of life at different ages.

(3) Exercise.



(2) Study.

Madame de Stael's defences against old age—(1) Love.

Some thirty years ago a French mathematician, De Moivre, who emigrated to England from France and became a member of the Royal Society, proclaimed a curious rule for finding the length of a man's life if the present age lies between twelve and eighty-six years. This is the rule: Subtract the present age from eighty-six and divide the remainder by two; the result will give the number of years you may reasonably expect to live.

From statistics and the result of certain changes in the methods of living, we can safely affirm that the span of life is steadily lengthening. Three thousand years

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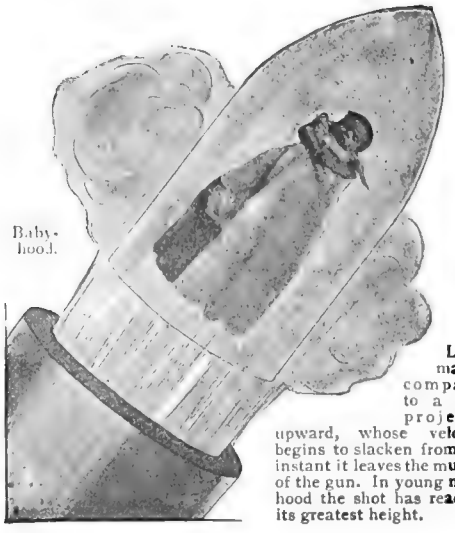
before the Christian era the average duration of life was said to be three score years and ten; this would make middle-age come at thirty-five. Dante considered that year the middle of life's arch; and Montaigne, speaking for himself at the same period of life, considered his real work practically ended, and proved that he thought he was growing old by falling into the reminiscent age. At the present time fifty years is considered as middle age. In the days of the Revolutionary War prominent men at that time were looked upon as old at fifty years.

The age at which men marry has steadily grown later. This, however, may be accounted for from the fact that the standard of living is higher, and by the difficulty that young men find in meeting the financial demands of a more refined and elaborate social existence. In the poorer and middle classes it may be that marriage is not as common as it was—certainly it is not as common at an early age—young men often being unable to secure satisfactory employment, and the opportunities for advancement with many having been lessened by the large invasion of the ranks of labour by women.

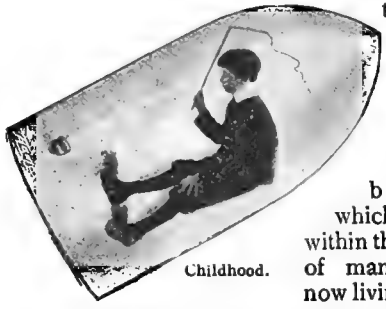
We are justified in supposing that the span of human life will be prolonged in the future because the possibility of living to an older age has been demonstrated by the great advances made in medicine and hygiene during the past ten years. We have attained a vast amount of knowledge as to the causes of disease and new remedies for their sucessful treatment have been discovered. We have no new diseases, at least, of any serious character, and we are better able than ever to treat the old ones, which, like old foes, appear to us with new faces.



Life may be compared to a shot projected upward, whose velocity begins to slacken from the instant it leaves the muzzle of the gun. In young manhood the shot has reached its greatest height.

The operations involving the abdomen and the lungs, for instance, are not new, but they have been made more successful by improved methods in surgery and the use of anæsthetics, and have saved the lives of hundreds of persons within the last quarter of a century. Antitoxin has been found invaluable in the treatment of diphtheria. The life of the consumptive, under new methods of treatment, has been prolonged; formerly it was two years, now it is eight. The mortality among children has been considerably reduced. Insurance actuaries inform us that the average of human life has been lengthened fully three years within the last century.

But, most important of all, in my opinion, improved methods of sanitation have had a most important effect in lengthening our days and making them beyond all comparison more comfortable and happy. Homes are now constructed with reference to the health of their inmates. The old well, with its moss-covered microbe bucket, which existed within the memory of many people now living, was the fruitful source of disease germs, as it always will be where used in either city or country. We now insist upon the municipality furnishing us with a pure water supply, and the modern plumbing methods required by Boards of Health have prevented much disease that was once common.



Childhood.

In our large cities, new streets are constantly being opened, or narrow thoroughfares widened in the densely-populated tenement house districts, thus letting in the fresh air and sunshine, while each new park provided—even though it be a small one—adds just so much to the general health of the neighbouring population, inducing the residents near-by to come out of their ill-ventilated homes and breathe the pure atmosphere.

One of the most interesting and trustworthy statements in respect to old age is the report on the habits of centenarians, made some years ago by a commission appointed by the British Medical Association. Without going into particulars of the different cases,

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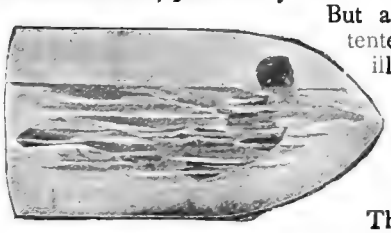
it is valuable to note, generally, the result of this investigation. It seems that most of these old people were small or medium of stature and a spare habit of body; the voice was rarely feeble; most of them had lost their teeth, but nearly all enjoyed good digestion; one old man of ninety-eight years, a clergyman, placing his hand on the organ in question, and saying that he never knew what it was to have a stomach. Nearly all of them had enjoyed uninterrupted good health and many had never known what it was to be sick. They were all very moderate in eating, most of them using little animal food. Few indulged at all in intoxicating drinks, and those only in notable moderation. They took considerable outdoor exercise and nearly all possessed the good-natured, placid disposition. "For," as Cicero says, "old men of regulated minds, and neither testy nor ill-natured, pass a very tolerable old age. But a discontented and ill-natured disposition is irksome in every age."



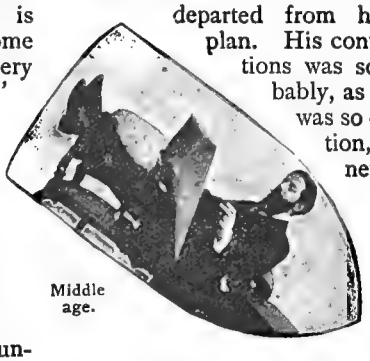
The prime of life.

The life of the body which may be described as simply the sum of the lives of its constituent parts—the cellular elements composing it—can be prolonged by caring for the health of those elements. In some people there is in the tissues an hereditary taint or want of stability which is, of course, unfavourable to longevity. And even healthy tissues cannot resist unfavourable conditions.

The case of Luigi Cornaro, a Venetian nobleman of the fifteenth century, is famous in the history of dietetics and longevity. As a young man he led a dissipated life but, after a severe illness at the age of forty, began to pay strict attention to his way of living. He reduced his daily allowance of solid food to twelve ounces, but drank daily fourteen ounces of good wine. Later in life he curtailed this allowance, and found eventually that he could support his life and strength with no more solid food than an egg a day. He died at the age of a hundred and four. This proves that one who has suffered the results of sensual excesses may not only with safety, but with advantage adopt an ascetic method of living, but it does not show that ordinarily healthy persons would be the better for it.

On the other hand, Thomas Parr, famous for having attained the age of one hundred and fifty-two years, was not particular about his diet. He was a poor farmer's servant and obliged to maintain himself by daily labour. He had no rules in regard to eating, making a meal of anything that happened to be at hand, his ordinary diet consisting of old cheese and milk, coarse and hard bread, and sour whey. At the age of one hundred and twenty years he married a second time. When he died the post-mortem examination of his body showed the internal organs to be in the most perfect state, with no symptom of decay. His cartilages were not ossified, as is the case in old people. It was shown that he died of over-eating, because he had been two well treated by admiring friends.

Fontenelle, the famous French author, who lived to be a hundred, attributed his long life to calmness of disposition and a naturally cheerful temper, and on this account he was looked upon as young almost to the last moment of his life. He was very methodical in his habits of work, and rarely departed from his pre-arranged plan. His control of the emotions was so great, or, probably, as some claim, he was so destitute of emotion, that he is said never to have wept or laughed.



Middle age.

Madame de Stael suggested as the best defences against old age, exercise, study, and love; while Talleyrand insisted that we should keep the faculties employed in some way, believing that a knowledge of whist was indispensable; and, doubtless, this quiet, thoughtful game of cards has done much to afford pleasant exercise to the mind.

Not only the natural disposition, but the occupation has a great deal to do with the possibility of attaining length of days. Statistics show that a large proportion of clergymen attain old age, while, notwithstanding the fact that Hippo-

Old age.

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Prince de Talleyrand, who believed a knowledge of whist to be indispensable to those who wished to attain old age.

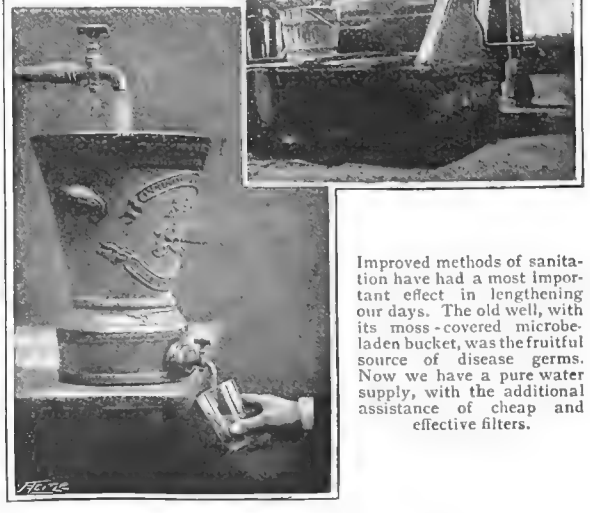
crates, the father of medicine, set the good example of living to be one hundred and nine years, the records prove that physicians are not long-lived as a class.

Brain work seems to be favourable to the attainment of old age. Among those who lived from fifty to sixty years we have Tasso, Virgil, Shakespeare, Moliere, Dante, Pope, Ovid, Horace, Racine, Demosthenes; from sixty to seventy, Lavater, Galvin, Boccacio, Fenelon, Aristotle, Cuvier, Milton, Rousseau, Erasmus, Cervantes; from seventy to eighty, Dryden, Petrarch, Loche, Handel, Galileo, Swift, Roger Bacon, Charles Darwin; from eighty to ninety, Thomas Carlyle, Young, Plato, Buffon, Goëthe, Franklin, Newton, Voltaire; and from ninety to one hundred, Sophocles, Michael Angelo, Titian. Many of the leading men in the history of our own times have lived to be eighty years of age or over—Virchow, Verdi, Gladstone, Newman, Von Moltke, Bismarck and Tennyson.

It is true that the conditions of modern life as generally practised are not favourable to longevity. Our houses are better heated than formerly, and a proper amount of heat is conducive to health, but too much weakens and debilitates. The same with rest and sleep. From too much sleep and want of exercise many persons become over delicate, "soft" as the physical trainers say. Active-minded people, other things being equal, will live longer than those whose cerebration is sluggish and dull. The reason is that the great centres which govern life are so closely connected with the intellectual brain that what affects one will affect the other. Civilisation may have shortened life in some ways, but it has had the tendency to render the brain more vigorous, and has therefore helped to prolong existence.

Electricity has lately been successfully used in the case of old people to revivify the life-cells as they have become worn out and have begun to lose their vitality. In certain conditions life can be prolonged by the use of the electrical current, which acts as a stimulus, or whip, in starting up these cells into new life. The *neuron* is supposed to be the ultimate cell of protoplasm, the last analysis of life itself. The galvanic current and the new sinusoidal current is now successfully applied for the purpose of reinvigorating the *neuron* and the different territories of the brain.

A foreign scientist who has given many



Improved methods of sanitation have had a most important effect in lengthening our days. The old well, with its moss-covered microbe-laden bucket, was the fruitful source of disease germs. Now we have a pure water supply, with the additional assistance of cheap and effective filters.

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UNCLE JERRY AKIN BORN 1760 THE OLDEST PERSON LIVING
MICHAEL MOONEY 107 YEARS OLD
MRS MARY MACDONALD 129 YEARS OLD
MRS TERRY BORN 1790
MRS GELESTINE NIGRO 110 YEARS OLD
JOHN HALL 116 YEARS OLD

The six oldest living people, from photographs recently taken. Jerry Akin was a loyal worker before Louis XVI. married Marie Antoinette, before Napoleon was born and before the Americans had thought of independence.

treatments on these lines regards premature old age as chiefly due to inheritance, especially from hysterical parents. Its signs are melancholy and hesitation, sleeplessness, forgetfulness, distaste for exertion, continual brooding on the black side of things, and utter selfishness. The last-named symptom, we should say, is characteristic of every age and country. The worst cases he has found yield to some extent to his treatment, and in most cases he obtained extraordinary results after five or six weeks' treatment. After the patient has been treated for a week or two his interest in life is aroused, he resumes work with new vigour, and his general health is improved. In about forty per cent. of cases treated the result was noted as "very good," in another thirty per cent. "fair," and in the last thirty per cent. as "insignificant." In no case was the treatment entirely useless, and the function which improved in every one of them was that of walking.

All scientists who have studied the subject unite in saying that it is not possible for any person to attain old age unless he possess good digestive organs and perfect assimilation. The tissues of the body are constantly being used up and cast off, and if they are not replaced, the parts from which they come must perish.

The vitality of an individual does not increase from infancy to manhood and then decrease in old age, but, like a shot projected upward, the initial velocity begins to slacken from the instant it leaves the muzzle of the gun. As the height attained by the projectile may be taken as an index of the

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energy with which it was propelled, so the length of life of an individual may be taken as an index of the capacity or power of assimilation with which that person started on his career.

About three hundred years ago a remarkable little book came into the world under the title of "The Sure and Certain Methods of Attaining a Long and Healthy Life." The author was the Luigi Cornaro before referred to. He was the best example of the efficacy of his precepts, for, as already stated, he lived to the age of 104, and passed away sitting in his armchair, peacefully and as though he had fallen asleep. Born with an irritable temper, he took no trouble to curb it, and frequently flew into passions so violent that for weeks after each fury his exhaustion was such that he could scarcely lift a hand. He was, moreover, as I said earlier in this article, given to intemperance and bad living, and was without doubt travelling the road to death at an unusually quick rate.

When at forty years of age, Cornaro turned over a new leaf, he not only determined to vanquish his intemperance, but also to curb his temper. From such moderation in living spring, as he expresses it, "life, health, cheerfulness, industry, learning, and all those actions and employments worthy of generous and noble minds."

And this healthy mode of living was its own reward. During the sixty-three and a half years that remained to him of life he scarcely knew a day's illness either of body or mind. Which brings one to conclude that the golden rule which all should observe who wish to prolong their lives is: Practice moderation in all things!

The old narrow streets of our large cities often invited pestilence. Modern thoroughfares are almost invariably made wide. Above are pictures of Holywell Street, one of the few old thoroughfares of London still remaining in their original form, and the road running from Aldgate to Bow, which is London's widest thoroughfare. Holywell Street is soon to be demolished.

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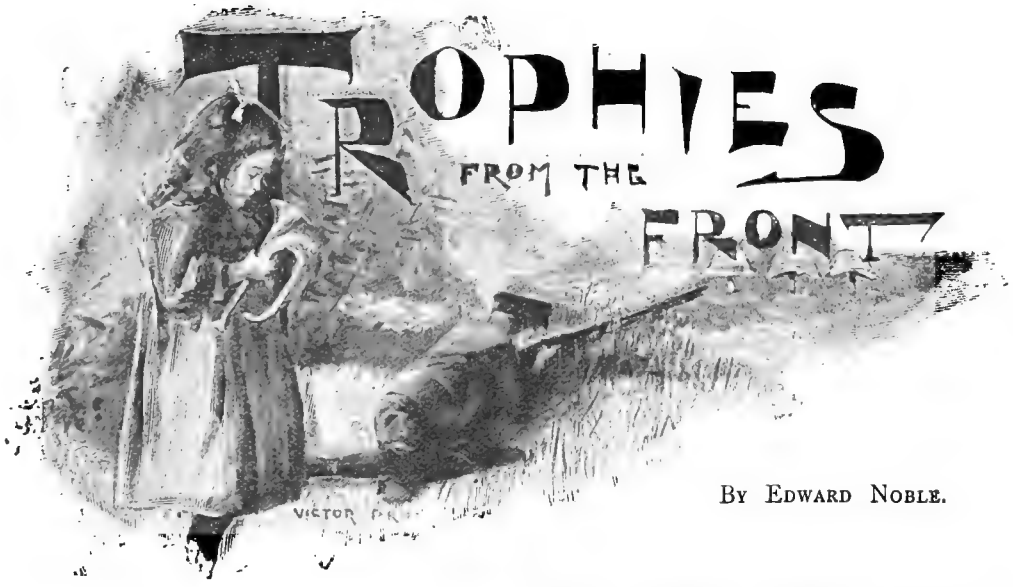

By Edward Noble.

I.

"Sir," said the Quartermaster, as he tapped vigorously at my door, "the Officer of the Watch sends his compliments and there's a large steamer bound south, flying B.N.D."*

I rose at once in my cot and bade the man enter. "What is she?" I questioned, "and how far off."

"Mr. Halward thinks she's a Currie Liner, sir, outward bound with troops for the Cape —'bout two miles distant, sir."

"Right. My compliments to the chief officer, and he may close. I shall be on the bridge in a moment—and, Quartermaster, tell my servant to bring me a cup of tea, in the chart-room."

We were homeward bound, in the *Zebayir*, from Australia, and all hands were agog for news of the war, which hitherto had reached us only in driblets, through somewhat garbled channels, at Port Said and Aden. It was with a sigh of relief, therefore, that I ascended the bridge ladder, for I knew that we should certainly get news now, and perhaps even a few papers telling us how our poor devils were keeping their end up, down South.

The morning was cold and grey, and the officers standing in the wing, wrapped heavily in their regulation coats, were sipping their coffee and watching the approaching vessel. Halward came to meet me as I advanced.

"She's a Currie boat right enough," he remarked, "and we shall hear something, though what she is doing so far in I can't think."

I took the glass he offered and examined the vessel. "You are right," I said; "she is to call at Gib. probably to pick up drafts from the Mediterranean. I see you have answered her signal. Has she had anything further to say?"

"Not yet, sir."

"Very good. You had better get a boat ready, and send down to the chief engineer; he may wish to ease his fires."

We had drawn within half a mile when the stranger again hoisted signals.

"P. W. F." he said, "B. N. J.," or, in other words, "Will you heave to, and I will send a boat."

We hoisted our answer in the affirmative, and were soon lying quietly in the swell, with nearly every passenger we carried hanging over the rail praying for news. The liner crept slowly down to windward, and lowered her boat. She was the *Windsor Castle*, and her decks were lined with khaki-clad troops.

The men crammed every vantage place fore and aft, and as the boat shot away from her side a rousing cheer broke the silence; then I saw two small figures standing in the stern sheets waving their handkerchiefs, and a childish response filtered down to where we stood. In a few minutes the gig had arrived at the gangway, and to hasten matters I left the bridge and went to meet them.

A tall, soldierly man was ascending slowly, holding a little girl by the hand; a boy, perhaps half a head taller, and utterly disdainful of help, climbed manfully behind, and bringing up the rear was the ship's officer.

* Close, I wish to communicate. . . .

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I stared at the novel procession, and took some steps down the ladder to aid the child in front, but her guardian waved me aside. "All right, sir," he cried; "I promised Toddy to see her through, so I must keep my word—eh, little one?"

"Oo always does what oo p'omisses," said Toddy with simple reliance; so I retreated waiting till they joined me on the platform.

"My name is Bingham," said my visitor, "and these two children are my——"

"That isn't a p'oper taduction," the little girl interrupted. "Dad is Colonel Bingham, and the Queen gived him a V.C. before I was borned. And this," she turned to the boy at her side, "is my bruvver Jack, and we boff wanted to get some V.C.'s, too."

She spoke of the decoration with the airy freedom of childhood, and as though she expected to find them growing in the hedgerows beside her favourite flowers. The Colonel stooped and whispered in her ear; she nodded gravely, and he turned to me. "She is right," he said. "May I have a word with you, Captain?"

I led the way to my room, where we speedily found seats — the two children nestling against their father, one on either hand.

"I have come to ask a favour," he resumed. "I am off to the Cape with my regiment, as I dare say you guess, and these two youngsters had accompanied my sister, Lady Harfield, to Southampton to see the last of me. But they gave her the slip, and it was not until we were some hours at sea that we discovered them. Hush, Toddy—no dear, dad can't keep the ships waiting; he has much to say, and this gentleman is in a hurry."

Toddy put her arms about his neck. "And you fink you could bring me that amb'lance cart"? she whispered.

"Pray, don't say a word," I interjected; "indeed I shall be delighted to do anything in my power to aid you."

"You are very kind —er—perhaps some of the women would look after them a bit. And if you would wire to my sister on the first opportunity I shall be more than thankful, for I'm sure Lady Harfield is turning Southampton inside out to find the runaways."

I assured him I would do it, and that he need have no fear as to their comfort on the trip.

"It's awfully good of you to say so," he replied. "I shall not forget it. You see Jack has promised to look after Toddy until I come back, so I can trust him, can't I, old chap?"

"All right, dad, don't you be 'fraid," said Jack imperturbably; "but you will

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bring me back a gun, won't you?"

"I won't forget," said the Colonel.

"A Mauser what they've shooted with," said Jack, his eyes very wide and bright, "and a bandolier—what the Boers frowed away when you charged, you know—and if there might happen to be some cartliges in it. Oh! dad, you wouldn't lose them, would you?"

"Not I," said the Colonel.

Toddy climbed on his knees and put her arms about his neck. "And if you fink you can bwing me that amb'lance cart," she whispered, "what's been used, you know——"

"And it's all bluggy," said Jack.

"It would be 'licious," Toddy concluded with grave emphasis.

"The Colonel's carrying a Mauser and a bandolier, and Sergeant-Major beside him with a bugle."

Colonel Bingham looked at me and smiled.

"Sounds gory, doesn't it?" he questioned. "No—they can't forget the war. They know as much about it as I do—nearly." He spoke wistfully, and taking Jack on his knee beside his sister, kissed the pair. It was a pretty sight and I half turned to leave them, but the Colonel caught my movement and rose.

"Don't forget your promise, my boy," he said; "I expect you to guard Toddy. No more running away. Do what this gentleman tells you, and remember, I trust you not to get into any more scrapes."

"All right, dad. . . . and you won't forget 'bout the Mauser?"

"Not I," said the Colonel.

"Nor my amb'lance cart?" cried Toddy, her eyes shining and a small sob far back in her throat.

Colonel Bingham sat down again. "Suppose I couldn't manage a cart, little one," he questioned, "it's rather big, and wouldn't be easy to bring home. Don't you think something smaller would do—a drum now, or a bugle?"

"I'd raver have the amb'lance," she whispered.

"All right, old girl. You shall have it," said the Colonel. Then he kissed the flushed cheeks, and placing her beside her brother on the settee, signed to me that he was ready. "Good-bye, children," he cried. And as I followed him out of the room I caught sight of two pair of bright eyes watching imploringly, two pair of lips tightly pressed, two pair of arms clinging fast to each other; but the children only smiled, and cried:

"Good-bye, dad. . . . Good-bye."

I turned to the Colonel as I stepped outside.

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"Would you like them to go on the bridge to watch you off? One of my officers shall see they come to no harm."

"You are awfully good," he replied. "Yes, it will ease the tension."

I gave the necessary instructions at once, and in a minute they were dancing with delight and searching their pockets for handkerchiefs. I then rejoined the Colonel.

"They are plucky little beggars," he whispered, a trifle hoarsely; "we have been rather inseparable — since — er — since their mother died. But," and his voice took a quizzical note, "how am I going to manage that ambulance waggon passes my comprehension—gory notion, isn't it? No mother you see—barrack life and all that sort of thing—plays the deuce with youngsters. By Jove, Captain, I am glad to think I can leave them with you. Things might have been so much harder, eh what?"

It was a flattering speech, and I said as much, but he stopped me with a smile. "Nonsense, I have seen men and cities. I know whom I may trust. Now, this is my address down south, and this, the message for my sister, and this, an order on my agents. If you will give it to your purser I shall be obliged, and if you will let me know how the scamps get on, just a line, I shall be more than ever your debtor."

I assured him I would do what he asked with pleasure, and he wrung my hand and hastened down the gangway, while I made my way to the bridge. And as we steamed slowly past the *Windsor Castle*, the Tommies lined the rail and responded to our cheers with a shout that set my pulses throbbing in a fashion I thought I had long grown past.

Late that afternoon I ran in to Cape Roca, and signalled a message to the owners, asking them to communicate at once with Lady Harfield, and to request her to arrange to meet us at Plymouth. The children watched the operation with intense interest, and on its conclusion I proposed tea and biscuits in my room and an introduction to some of the small fry who were already clamouring to make their acquaintance.

They were an odd pair. They knew as much of the events of the war as any zealous reader of specials. From them we learned in novel language of Dundee, Elandslaagte, and the retreat on Ladysmith; and they gave it as their opinion, that when Dad got out, there would be a general stampede on the part of the Boers, for Pretoria.

"Nuffing," said Jack with immense gusto, as they sat that night at dinner on my right and left, and to the intense amusement of the listening passengers, "nuffing could be greater than Dad when he's on his horse."

"Thwinging his thword," Toddy interjected with big round eyes.

"And shooting with his 'volver," Jack continued; "nuffing could stop him. He's sp'endid."

Toddy nodded in confirmation. "Sp'endid. I wiss I was a man—then I s'ud do it, too."

All the way to Plymouth this bloodthirsty couple obeyed their father implicitly, and on no single occasion had I any reason to regret my charge. They were just two high-spirited, laughter-loving English children, and my room, when they had landed, seemed strangely quiet and lacking in comfort. Indeed, when, after leaving Plymouth, I sat taking tea in solitary state, listening to the steady tramp of the watch overhead, it appeared to me that I only had to mark the facts in my journal, then another of the few pleasant incidents would have passed into the limbo of forgotten things.

But in this I reckoned without my host. for when we came round to London, after our short halt at the western sea-port, I learned that the *Zebayir* had been chartered by Government, and that we were under orders for immediate sailing for the seat of war.

II.

I was leaning over the rail the evening before the men embarked, thinking of the two small children, and of the queer trophies they had demanded as we lay in the grey morning off Cape St. Vincent, when I was aroused from my dreams by the quartermaster, who handed me a letter.

I tore the envelope and discovered two notes, addressed in childish hand to Captaine Dugass, and instantly scented some further efforts on the part of my little friends. The first was from Toddy; it ran as follows:

Hornycassel,
DEAR CAPTAINE DUGASS, Hantshur.

Anty seded yous goin to take some mor tommes to fite the bores, and I wanted to come and see you and giv you a lickel leter for my Dad wot you met in the ship wot met our ship when we runned away. Anty finks the amblance will be a bovver, and I don't want to be a bovver or vent them gettin away quik if theys chargd. So will you tell Dad that the bugel will be nicest, and if he will bwing instead of the amblance I shall be awfly bliged. O I did want to come an splain all about how to do it but anty says we mustnt be bovvers, and now we's promished not to run away wy we mustnt. Do give my messidge I shud like the bugle awfly.

with my lov and kisses,
leave me your loving frend,
TODDY BINGHAM.

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"You're a good chap," he faltered. . "Yes —my love to the children."

I laughed aloud. The thing was so quaint that in spite of the relief I knew this would occasion Colonel Bingham, the oddity tickled me immensely. This feeling was intensified when I opened Master Jack's communication:—

Horn Cassel,
Dear Captin Dougliss,— Hentshire.

Toddys been writting an awfull lot and she wont tell me what its about shes been two days doin it but she cant keep seclits she told Marsall an Marsall told me so its about the bugil but what I want to say is Toddy finks she will be able to blow it and then if I have a gun i will have to do what she tells me. isunt that jus like girlls. I hope Dad will send me the mawser by you becawse ime plactising my pony so that I can fite like the bores when it comes.

your fectionete frend
JOHN STEWART BINGHAM.

I put the letters in my pocket when we reached Cape Town, and as soon as I could safely leave my ship ran round to Durban and made my way to Colonel Bingham's quarters. He laughed heartily when I met him, and said what had brought me round to see him.

"It's just what I should have expected of you, Douglass," he cried; "pon my honour the juveniles have made a conquest. Gad! it tickles me—quaint little beggars." But for all his badinage I saw that he was immensely pleased, for he tucked the notes into his tunic with an air of a man who considered them his own property, as, indeed, they were, poor chap, despite the fact that they were addressed to me.

The following morning, when I bade him good-bye, he told me I might look for the trophies when I next arrived at the Cape; but when some two months later we came round post haste to Durban; Graspan, Belmont, and Magersfontein had been fought; General Buller had received his first check on the Tugela and no package awaited me at my agents. Instead, there was a wire from one of the surgeons at the front, telling me that

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Colonel Bingham was lying dangerously wounded at Chieveley and begged me to run out to see him if possible before I sailed.

I obtained a pass and started immediately, for I had come to look upon this affair as one in which I had a part, and the knowledge that my friend was wounded set my pulses throbbing in a fashion that was new and strange. Toddy's face, Jack's face rose before me in unwonted solemnity. "He is so s'pendid," they said, "on his horse, nuffing could stop him." And here he was, wounded, struck down on the Tugela, 6,000 miles from home and the small but energetic children.

I found my way speedily to the hospital. It was crowded with men, great and small alike, and everywhere the quiet-faced sisters flitted noiselessly about ministering to their patients.

The Colonel's orderly came to meet me and I soon discovered he, too, had been in the fight, so I halted a moment hoping to glean something of my friend's condition before facing him.

"Colonel Bingham, sir?" he questioned. "Yes, sir, he's got it bad—explosive bullet while he was lying wounded."

I turned eagerly for details, it seemed so ghastly, the notion that a man lying wounded should be liable to further injury, I said as much, but the man smiled.

"It's a way them Bores has, sir, nothin' more. How did it happen? Well, sir, you see we were doin' mounted inf'ntry business, horses in a donga, troopers with carbines an' bay'nits an' all that, when we come across a squad of Bores doin' pot shots at our blokes lyin' flat on their bellies in the grass. The Bores are behind a breastwork of rocks, as per usual, an' the chaps are rollin' over like flies—shockin' hot, too, it was—when the Colonel spots them an' dismounts us. 'Wipe 'em out, boys,' he says, an' we moved up—took 'em in the flank—beautiful bit it was—an' licked into 'em till they sung fer quarter—them that's left. So we copped a dozen, left the rest spread out, an' started down for the donga."

"Then it was not in the charge the Colonel was wounded?" I questioned, noting his pause.

"Not it, sir. The men were fallin' back to their mounts, Colonel an' p'r'aps half a troop—me with 'em—bringin' up the rear. The Colonel's carryin' a mauser an' a bandolier, an' Sergeant-Major, beside him, has a bugle, things they've picked up. We were near the last to come down, then, phit! phit! phit! phit! the bullets come whistlin' along, cuttin' down the chaps like corn. We turned about at this an' began to blaze—but, Lord! there's no one there; as well a'most let fly at the moon. Anyway, we're in a hot corner; there's half a troop of us, within sight of our mounts, shootin' away willy-nilly at nothin'. It looks like bein' cut off—so the word goes to retire, and we took leg bail for it, Colonel an' all. Phit! phit! phit! phit! the bullets cut about us like hail. Half a dozen were on their backs—Sergeant-Major falls, rip-split, nearly under rear man's feet.

"Colonel looks round at this, turns back, picks him on his back, an' starts to run. Some of us cut to lend him a hand, but he shouted us on. Lord sir! it would have done you good to see him. The way he came down at the double for twenty yards with a man on his back—then, phit! he staggers, an' I thought he was done. But no—on again till he's nigh to us an' not a hun'ard yards from the donga—then he drops.

"An' while we're pickin' the Sergeant-Major from his arms, another bullet, Mauser sportin' sort, fetches him in the thick of the thigh. "Look after the trophies, men," he says and goes off. That's done for him that did—but the Bores got small change out of it when all's said and done; for just as we walked the Colonel off, our gunners spotted what's adrift an' turn some liddite on to 'em. Chks! I wouldn't a bin in that dust storm for a tidy bit.

"Yes, sir, that's how it happened, an' I hope you can pull him up, sir. He's bin hungry to see your face, sir. Straighten him out, sir—he's down on his luck. Wants cheerin'—that's what's wrong."

He led me down the ward and bringing me to the bedside, saluted and disappeared.

The Colonel looked up at me with a smile. He was ghastly white; but when his eyes fell on me, I saw they were full of fight. I bent over, struggling to keep an even face.

"Got it you see, old chap," he whispered.

I set my teeth, searching for a meaning—"You have, indeed you have," I replied; for the orderly's story still thrilled in my brain. A look almost of vexation passed his features.

"Not that," he whispered. "Toddy's bugle and—er—the rest of it—great luck, eh what?"

"I don't think," I replied quietly; "that Toddy would be pleased if she knew the price."

Again he smiled and a tinge of pain rucked his face——

"She mustn't know," he pleaded.

"Never from me," I assented.

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We sat in silence for some minutes, the Colonel holding me tightly by the hand.

"Glad she let me off the 'am'blance' though," he resumed presently; "that would have finished matters."

"And as it is?" I questioned, half in doubt.

"I shall pull through—if—got it badly though—two editions—shoulder—thigh—rough luck, eh, what?"

I looked at him cheerfully, although I never felt more like strangling in my life.

"I suppose it might have been worse, eh, Colonel?" I replied at random.

"Aye, God knows that's true." He lay still again for a time; then his eyes flashed and he gripped me more firmly. "So good of you to come," he whispered; "I feared you wouldn't be able to get away—er—you are a link with the youngsters, you see—I shall pull through—if—look here—could you do it?"

I watched him steadily but my eyes winked under the strain. It was so easy to see what he wanted.

"I can do anything," I said. "I am a sailor—what is it?"

"Bring them out next—trip. If my sister can't come—their governess—only bring them—you will, eh, Douglass?"

"I'll do it," I replied. "Who wouldn't?"

He looked at me with a smile and a twist of pain that cut me to the heart.

"You are a good sort, old chap," he faltered, then, very slowly: "and—eh? Yes—my love to the children."

With those words he closed his eyes and fell asleep.

* * * * *

A month later I was in England wiring the date of our probable arrival; then again a month, and we were hurrying post-haste to the hospital ship whither he had been transferred.

Aye, it did my heart good to see that meeting. Toddy wistful, Jack truculent, and both listening with wide eyes to the history of the trophies, which I need hardly say was carefully trimmed to meet their age. And—well, yes; when last I saw those infants, Toddy was struggling with the bugle and Jack was lying face downward sighting his empty Mauser at a row of battered helmets, while Colonel Bingham gave instructions from the depths of a comfortable chair.

A Chinese Punch and Judy Show.

It will probably surprise many readers of the Royal Magazine to learn that the quaint Punch and Judy show, so dear to the hearts of their young friends at the seaside, is not unknown to the Chinese. The Punch and Judy show has been known in Europe for centuries, and has often been traced back to the old miracle plays of the Middle Ages. Its lesson, very difficult to learn nowadays, when much of the original quaintness of the show has disappeared, was the triumph of good and the utter downfall of evil. The correct story of the play ends in the discomfiture of the Evil One; and, curious to relate, the Chinese version, in many points identical with that known to European children, teaches the self-same lesson. How truly like the Punch and Judy of British seaside resorts the yellow man's show is will be seen by a glance at our photograph, which represents the Chinese Punch and Judy at their far from amicable diversions. The show is actually in course of exhibition before a crowd composed almost entirely of adults. The photograph was taken in Canton, but it by no means represents a scene peculiar to Southern China, as Punch and Judy shows are known all over the vast Empire.

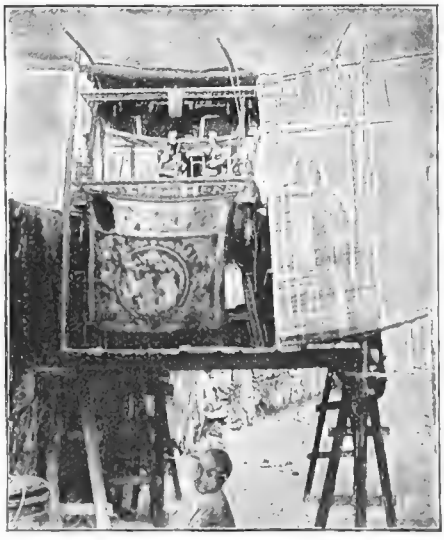

Photo by W. P. Edwards.

A Chinese Punch and Judy show.

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GREAT GRANDPARENTS

THE paint is cracked and the colours are dim
(The frames are old-fashioned and tarnished),
But he smiles at her and she smiles at him.
And they've both of them been revarnished.

Her hat completely obscures the view
(I've recently worn such another).
They christened her Susan, *he* called her Sue—
I refer to my great-grandmother.

He wears a blue coat and a shirt with a frill
(A relation? you ask—well, rather),
They christened him William, *she* called him Bill—
I'm speaking of great-grandfather.

When I look at them and they look at me,
My laughter I scarce can smother,
For it seems, when the world was younger, *he*
I loped with my great-grandmother.

'Tis seventy years ago, and more,
That (pursued by her father and brother)
Away like the wind in a coach and four
Rode great-grandfather and mother

Over the border to Gretna Green—
If great-great-grandfather'd caught her,
'Tis possible I might never have been
Great-grandmother's great-grand-daughter.

A. L. HARRIS.

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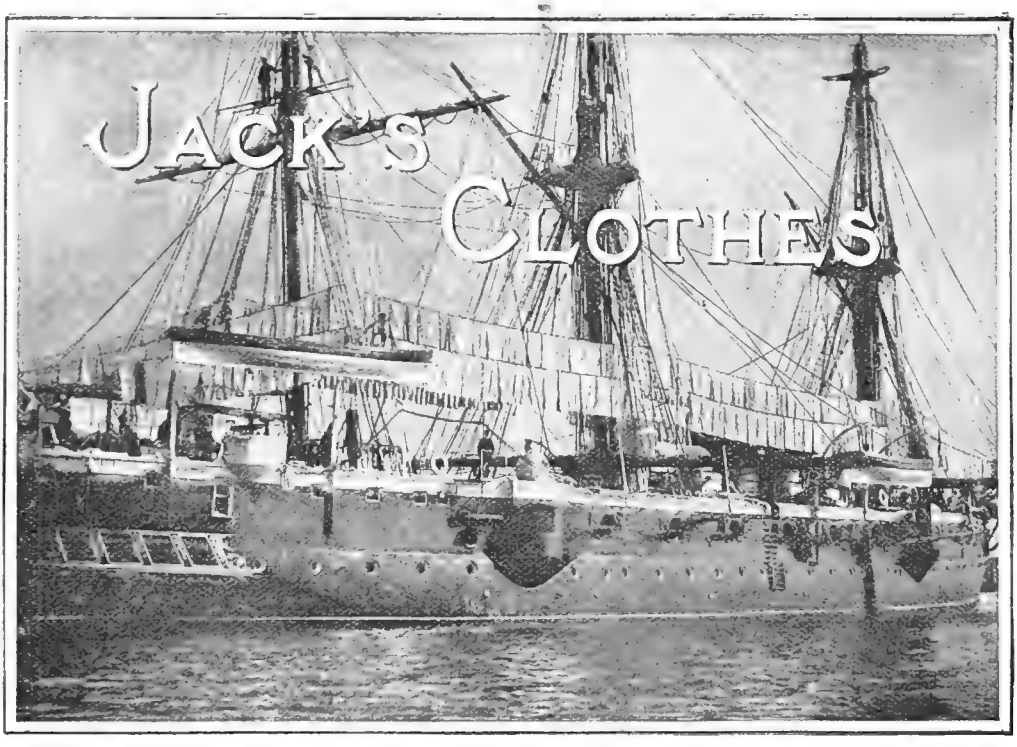

Washing-day on Board.

By Archibald S. Hurd.

Being the Fifth of a Series of Articles on "How the Navy is Run."

Photographs by Stephen Cribb.

Who that has seen Jack, the manly boy in blue, dragging his guns along on parade or knows anything of the stiff training in seamanship, guns and torpedoes which he has to undergo, would suppose that he is often also a skilled tailor, almost as adept with the needle as with the rifle, and is not ignorant of the uses of a sewing-machine? No wonder he is called the "handy man!" There are few things he cannot do, from defending the Empire to making his clothes, and preparing a savoury stew. Of course he does his own washing and is a capital "housemaid" if the term may be used for a *man* who lives in a *ship*.

The costume Jack wears when ashore on leave.

By the public our sailors are invariably known by their clothes as Jack Tars or Blue-jackets, though in the past few months they have earned an additional soubriquet—the Handy-men. The term Jack Tar is ascribed by some to the fact that sailors in the old sailing days got covered with tar, but probably the nickname came into use in consequence of the remarkable tarpaulin hat with a broad brim which in its turn gave place to a shiny glazed hat, that was worn down to within less than a decade ago. Possibly also the old-fashioned petticoat dress, frequently tarred, which the men at one time affected had something to do with their popular title—Jack Tar.

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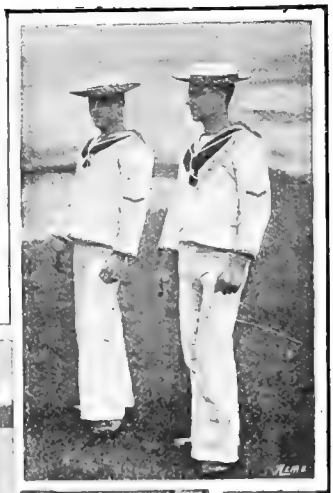


Tropical costume — white suit with blue collar and straw hat.

Working rig—duck suit with blue collar.

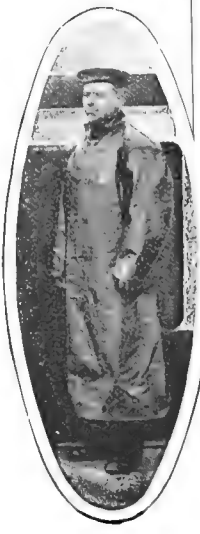
Night clothing—no collar.

Of course, the title Bluejacket was derived from the garb reaching down to the hips, similar to the midshipman's jacket of to-day, and with sleeves so tight that to do any work a man was compelled to take it off. It was "built" on the most exact Admiralty instructions, and as it has given Jack one of his popular names these instructions may possibly be of interest. It was provided that it should be of "Navy blue cloth, double-breasted, with stand and fall collar; seven black horn crown and anchor buttons, seven-tenths of an inch in diameter, on each side; sleeves sufficiently long to go over a duck or serge frock; to reach to the hip; one inside pocket on the left side; an opening at the cuffs on the seam with two small black buttons." When in 1891 this blue jacket was abolished, Jack was not sorry, for it cost him no less than 25s. to buy, and the monkey jacket, or overcoat which was substituted for it is far more useful, though it is only worn in inclement weather. Whatever may be said in detraction of sailors of the Queen—and not much in this line is heard nowadays—they are invariably well and smartly dressed, and their clothes are of fairly uniform pattern, in accordance with the elaborate regulations which are issued from the Admiralty, with illustrations to show how the various articles are to be made. These rules descend to so many minute details as to be amusing, and if strictly followed would leave Jack little room for personal taste. He is told that the size of his trousers across the leg at the knee is to be nine to ten inches, and at the foot ten to eleven inches, whether he be short or tall; "that they are to be fitted with a waistband, the tightness of which is to be regulated by a lacing at the back, which is to be tied in bow at the upper holes, the ends being four inches." It is laid down of exactly what material the lacing is to be, that for cloth trousers being $1\frac{3}{16}$ ins. black silk ribbon.

Who that sees a bluejacket in his delightful hat of white sennit imagines that the authorities strictly enjoin its exact dimensions and weight — ten

Drill costume—serge suit with collar and gaiters.

Jack's best dress—blue serge cloth with gold badges.



For wet and stormy weather—oilskins.

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ounces—or that the making of the white frock which is worn in hot climates for "review order" with white trousers, sennit hat and side arms is so much an art as to call for such minute regulations as these?—"To be made of drill, an inside breast pocket on right side with collar and wristbands of blue jean, the collar having a border of three rows of three-sixteenths of an inch white tape, half of an inch apart, and the wristbands to be peaked with two rows of white tape along the upper margin and one along the lower, with one white metal dead-eye button at each of the wrists."

Patrols' summer costume — blue, with white cap cover.

Diving-dress.

Apart from all the carefully elaborated tailoring regulations, the Admiralty also issue a series of "notes" showing the men how to dress, which are even more detailed than the rules governing the cut of their garments. For instance it is essential that a bluejacket should never forget that his neck-kerchief "must be tied behind under the collar, the bight in front being confined by the strings, which, having been first tied together, are to be tied tightly in a bow over the neck-kerchief, leaving a bight of it about three inches long; the neckerchief should thus be firmly secured to the frock or jumper." Imagine an ordinary man when he wears a comforter remembering that it must be put on with "one turn round the throat and a half hitch and the ends tucked in the frock" or coat! or that the ribbon, or band, on his hat must be "tied in a bow over the left ear — the ends being three and four inches long respectively, the shorter end being in front!"

All these rules and notes would be amusing to a landsman, if they did not annoy him beyond endurance, but they do not weigh down the "Handyman," who does not even smile at the Admiralty note, that in exceptionally cold and raw weather and during night-watches, when he has on his comforter, wound round his throat according to orders, "blue worsted gloves or mitts may be worn." The men of the Navy well know that the smart appearance of the force depends on all the

Sleeping dress for a torpedo-boat's crew, made of "fearnought."

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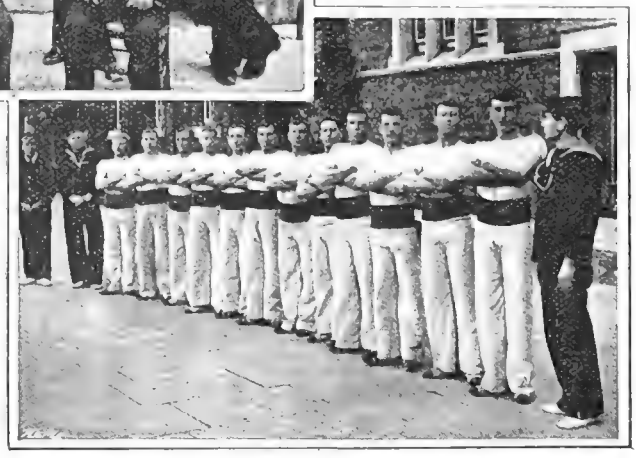
Artificers in their best dress.

men being dressed alike, though when Jack gets the chance he often varies the Admiralty pattern, the captain sometimes winking at such changes if they render the men smarter.

clothes, sailors and soldiers are not treated alike by the State. The War Office gives to every soldier a complete outfit on joining the Force, and he is periodically supplied with fresh clothes without charge. This generosity, however, must not be interpreted even in the case of the soldier as relieving Tommy Atkins of all expenditure for clothes; many men could tell quite another story.

The exact amount of assistance which Jack receives from the authorities can be summed up in a few words. On joining one of the training ships at Portsmouth, Devonport, or elsewhere, a



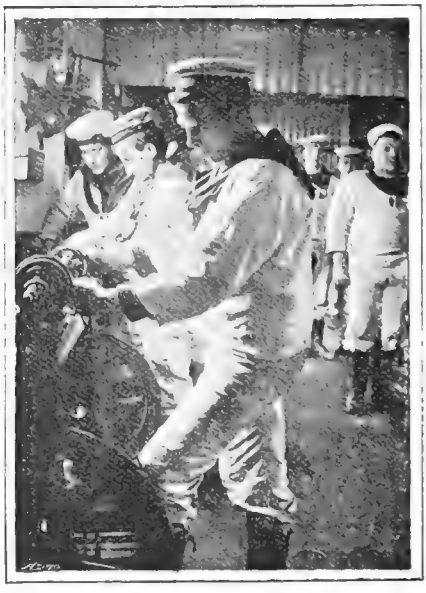
Gymnasium dress—white, with blue belt.

Field service uniform—blue serge with brown accoutrements.

When, however, a man returns to the naval depôt ashore, officers, with measures in hand, proceed to take stock of him, and he is quickly put back to the official line.

Some men hold peculiar views on the cut of their trousers, and there is nothing more characteristic than this garment which flops like sails about the feet of some men. It was Jack, of course, who twenty years ago gave the cockney coster the idea of the bell-bottom trousers you may see on Hampstead Heath on Bank Holidays.

In the matter of



Armourer's mates in working rig.

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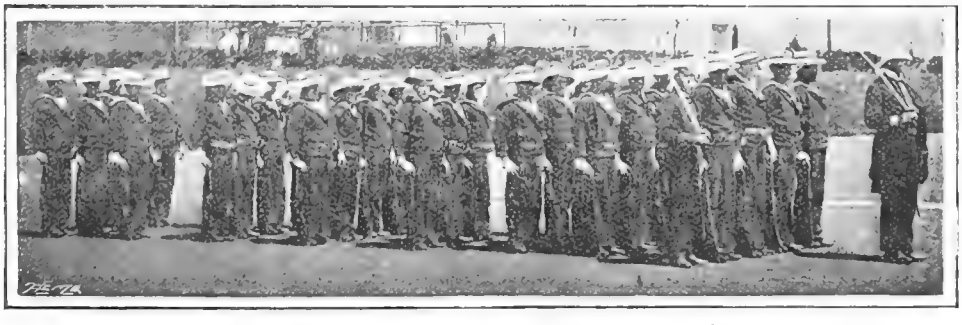
lad has placed to his credit a sum of £5 wherewith to secure the clothing and bedding that is supplied to him at Government rates, and to assist him, when his period of service as a boy is finished, in completing his kit for sea. By the time he goes to sea he will possess a great variety of articles worth about £13 or £14. If after twelve years' service, which is the minimum for seamen, he cares to promise to serve for a further nine years in order to gain a pension, he is given another sum to help him in renewing his kit, and if he happens to have the good fortune to be promoted to Chief Petty Officer, which is the rank above that of First Class Petty Officer, he has another £5. If he attains the ambition of every good seaman and is selected as a Warrant Officer he is credited with a further sum of £25. None of these grants on promotion meets the expense that a man must incur if he would do credit to the Queen's service. A warrant officer's outfit, be he gunner, boatswain, or carpenter, costs him anything from £25 to £50 more than he receives from the Government, while even a fairly careful seaman or petty officer will spend out of his own pocket from £4 to £6 a year in renewing his kit.

Sailors making and mending clothes on board a warship. Jack is very dexterous with the sewing machine.

Men of a cruiser in coaling rig.

No man of his class has to have as many clothes as a sailor of the Royal Navy. He has a separate dress for the different duties that fall to him from time to time. In temperate climates there are five combinations, and in hot stations there are four others, so that it will be readily understood that the



Costume worn by Peel's brigade in the relief of Lucknow.

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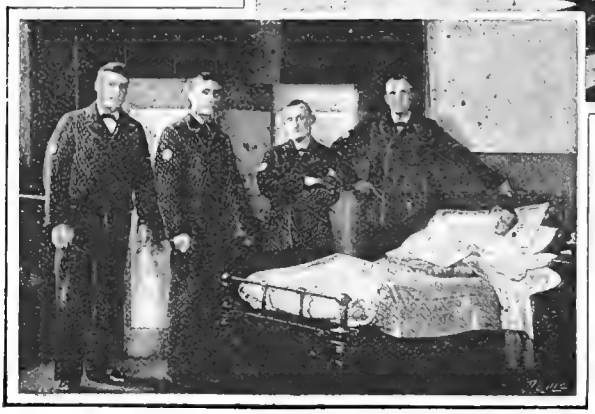
The chief cook and his mates. They wear a white dress with blue badges.



The costume of the sick-berth staff — blue cloth with a white badge and red cross.

decking out of Jack in all his war paint to suit the changing circumstances of his life is an elaborate matter. When a man is drafted from a naval depôt to a ship about to commission he is "kitted" completely with clothes made by a contractor strictly in accordance with Admiralty instructions, for which, of course, he pays. He is inspected before he leaves by an officer, who sees that he has everything that he is required to possess. On the jetty, when he waits to go on board his new ship, he may be seen sitting on his portmanteau, a big painted bag, which contains his bedding, with his clothes at the top, and having his straw hat, as a rule, tied on to the mouth of the sack. This bag contains all Jack's belongings that he carries round the world with him.

As an indication of the complexity of a bluejacket's dress, we may glance over the shoulder of the inspecting officer at Portsmouth naval depôt as he looks at the varied assortment of apparel spread out before him. This collection of necessaries for the life of a sailor, which may be varied by the Commander-in-Chief of a port or squadron, comprises over sixty articles carefully marked with the name of the owner. It includes a monkey jacket or overcoat, a jersey, and comforter, eight pairs of trousers (two each of cloth and serge, and the remainder of duck), seven jumpers, four frocks, two check shirts with short sleeves, and three flannels; two each of cholera belts, drawers, socks, black silk handkerchiefs, cloth caps with covers, hat or cap ribbons, towels, lanyards and bed-covers, together with three jean collars, a white straw hat and case, a pair of half-boots, type for marking his goods and chattels, his bed and blanket, three bags, including one for soap and the one for his clothes, a set of combs, and four brushes, one for scrubbing, one for clothes, and two for boots. The outfit is completed by a "ditty" box, in which he can keep private letters, his money, odds and ends, and his "housewife."

This last named is a reminder that Jack is a most domestic man, who knows the ways of tailoring and mending as well as most sempstresses. Every bluejacket has to have a "house-wife," which contains one ounce of bees-wax, thirty-eight buttons of various sizes, two skeins of white cotton and fifty skeins of thread, and some blue worsted, a couple of dozen needles, half an ounce of pins, over forty yards of tape, a tailor's thimble, and a bundle of two dozen "clothes stops," which do duty for clothes pegs when he hangs his clothes in the rigging to dry. In this wise does the Admiralty, having already had the sailor boy taught on the training-ship how to hold and use the needle, fit him out to make his own clothes if, as invariably happens, he requires further supplies before he returns to the depôt after a three years' commission. But though every man has the wherewithal to make his clothes, some prefer to employ a shore tailor if they are in harbour, or pay messmates to do it for them, and thus it happens that in every ship's company there are several men, commonly known on the

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lower deck as "Jews," who earn considerable sums by making their comrades' clothes. Many of them find this occupation so much to their liking and so remunerative that they buy sewing machines so as to increase their output.

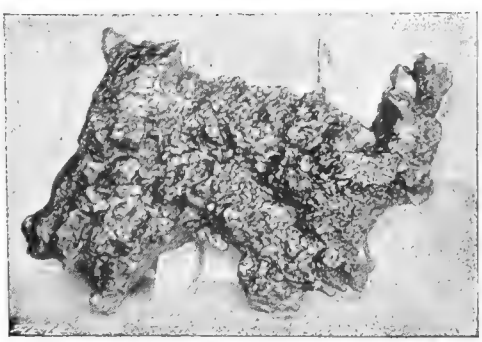
The cloth, serge or drill, is obtained from the paymasters' staff at the quarterly issue of "slops," the men paying only the bare cost of the material. Cloth costs as much as 9*s.* 6*d.*, and serge 1*s.* 5*d.* a yard, the latter having fallen in price to the extent of sixpence in the past twenty years. When the cloth or serge has been obtained, the tailor sets to work with a will and soon he will have cut out the material, and with his legs crossed under him in quite professional style will work on hour after hour in the evening. On Thursday afternoons in particular he has leisure "to make or mend clothes," and bends himself to his task quite happily, pulling meantime at his pipe well filled with ship tobacco, which, by the way, costs 1s. a pound free of duty as Jack gets it. In this way, an industrious man will often make considerable sums. Landsmen will be interested to learn that the sailors on our warships can get a pair of cloth trousers made for 4s., the cloth costing about 12s. or 14s., while the remnants left over provide two cloth caps.

This article does not profess to deal with the uniforms of officers—a matter which lies between them and their tailors, the latter being careful to see that the Admiralty regulations are duly observed. Nor does it deal with the distinguishing badges worn on the sleeves and collars of men and officers.

THE GOLIATH OF GOLD NUGGETS.

Illustrated with Photographs.

It was in the year 1869 that James Deason and Richard Oates found at Dunolly, Victoria, the largest gold nugget that the world has ever seen. They had for many months before making this remarkable discovery a phenomenal run of ill-luck, and it was on the evening before the day they had settled upon for abandoning Dunolly that John Deason struck something with his pick that did not give back the usual sharp sound that an ordinary stone would give. In a few minutes, he had unearthed the great nugget; it weighed no less than 2,316 ounces and was worth, when freed from all alloy, £9,553. The men scarcely realised their good fortune at first, but when next day they carried their find in secret to the nearest bank, the manager had to send to Melbourne for ready money in order to buy it. Then they knew their good fortune, and promptly retired from the diggings altogether.



The gigantic gold nugget.

We give a photograph of the monument which was erected on the precise spot where the nugget was found. It was placed there, a few years ago, by Mr. Henry Foster, the States Minister of Mines, and records briefly the above incidents.

The monument to the nugget.

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An Artist's Wedding in Brittany

By Kathleen Schlesinger and Paul Gèniaux.

A halo of romance surrounds the artist's wedding here chronicled, and the attendant circumstances, although by no means uncommon in the artist world of Brittany, may possibly prove fresh and attractive to the readers of the Royal Magazine, interwoven as they are with the quaint customs and ceremonies of the Breton folk.

Let it be understood, first of all, that this was no French *mariage de convenance* but a love match pure and simple.

The first act took place in Paris on August 12, when the bridegroom with his witnesses and a few intimate friends met at the house of the bride's parents at 10 o'clock in the morning, whence after an exchange of compliments and a little light refreshment, the whole party drove to the *mairie* (which corresponds in this instance to our registrar's office) for the civil marriage. This is a very commonplace ceremony at all times, and more especially so to Bretons, whose deep religious fervour leads them to look upon it as a mere compulsory formality, the true marriage taking place in church.

The bride was a true Breton, the young man was an Algerian artist; they had first met three years before in a tiny village in Morbihan, called Billiers, where as is the wont of lovers, they wandered hand in hand among the lovely lanes and plighted their troth.

The following summer found them again at Billiers, and they resolved that their wedding should take place there in the spot hallowed by so many sweet memories.

Billiers lies some miles from the station, and the bridegroom, whose impatience can well be imagined, had to undergo a three hours' drive before the village became visible in the distance.

Here the lover's patience was rewarded at last, when a radiant face, flushed with happiness and exercise, peeped through the branches as he passed the woods of Kerveso. Needless to say, the happy pair

A guest bringing in plants for the decoration of the church.

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performed the remainder of the journey on foot together.

After lunch the relatives and friends, who had arrived on the scene some days before, proceeded to decorate the church for the solemnisation of the marriage on the next day, the 15th. especially chosen as being the anniversary of the first meeting of the young people.

All set to work with a will, the stronger sex being deputed to go forth with wheelbarrows to bring tall, graceful plants and boxes of growing flowers which the kindly inhabitants of the little *bourg* had offered to lend for the purpose. All gardens and houses were thus rifled for the time being of their floral treasures, and the church was in due time converted by a bevy of maidens into a dainty bower.

The great day dawned at last, and before it was many hours old the young men set out in a body, according to local custom, to sing appropriate songs under the window of the bride.

At ten o'clock the old church bells began to lift up their brazen voices in a joyous peal, and the young men, preceded by the two village musicians called *sonneurs*, who played the traditional tunes upon their *bombard* and *biniou* (a shrill sort of oboe and a primitive bag-pipe), set off to fetch the bride. Custom directs that on this occasion all doors and windows should be barred, and no living soul visible in her home. It is only after the leader has repeatedly thundered at the door that the father or grandfather opens a wicket or looks out from an upper window.

Then a peasant poet, advancing with an air of quiet dignity, recites in Breton the long poetical speeches required by tradition; but before the bride is produced a little comedy is enacted typifying on one part the maidenly reluctance of the bride to leave the parental roof, and on the other the eagerness of the bridegroom to win his bride. Finally, the party is invited to come in and look for the latter, and an animated game of hide and seek ensues. After the becoming reserve of the bride has been duly overcome, the procession is formed, and sets forth to the church.

The bridal procession on its way from the church.

The wedding party stopping in a shady lane to perform an old Breton dance, "*le bal.*"

"*Le rond,*" or The Round, a simple Breton dance. The bride and bridegroom are seen seated in the foreground of the photograph.

On this occasion the young couple, both Bretons, one by birth, the other by adoption and predilection, had resolved to sacrifice at the altar of tradition, and part of these quaint customs were duly observed.

The whole town turned out to witness the passage of the wedding. The streets had been swept and reswept in honour of the bride, that her dainty white satin shoes might not be soiled.

The good old *curé* tied the nuptial knot with a truly patriarchal simplicity, and then all repaired to the vestry, where the happy couple received the congratulations of friends and acquaintances assembled from miles around.

On coming out of church, the villagers, according to custom, came in a body to offer

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to the newly-wedded *the honours of wine*, the bride drinking first and passing the cup round; then the bridal procession returned to the house, as we see them in the photograph. After the happy pair walked the bridesmaids and groomsmen, the father of the bridegroom with the bride's mother, the bride's father with the bridegroom's mother, and the rest of the friends and relations following after.

The wedding breakfast was served in true Breton fashion, under the chestnut trees, by country servants in large white aprons, and it was a very gay affair. The menu was entirely composed of Breton dishes.

Then the *sonneurs* at the appointed hour raised again their shrill nasal voices to play the bridal party forth on its way to the park of the beautiful old Castle of Prières, distant about half a mile, and where the dancing was to take place.

The musicians opened the van, and the village children, delighted at the idea of witnessing and participating in such a festivity, brought up the rear. As they walked through shady avenues of fruit trees the *sonneurs* stopped now and again and played a dance measure, *le bal*, one of the figures of the gavotte, the traditional Breton dance, which still holds the affections of the people. The whole party at once began to dance as in the photograph, the bride leading with her partner for life. At the Castle a halt was made, and the wedding party entered to greet the châtelaine, the musicians remaining on guard outside, lustily piping on.

In the beautiful park the rest of the figures were danced in turn. *Le rond*, a monotonous circular dance, in which the step is varied by stamping the foot rhythmically, came first. In the illustration our readers will notice that some of the villagers in their quaint caps and aprons have joined in, the musicians sitting in the centre, while the bride (who has exchanged her veil for a hat) looks on with the bridegroom from a seat in the foreground.

Laridé is the name given to another and more lively round dance, in which steps are taken towards the centre and back again, swinging the arms alternately with a kind of hop, skip, and a jump to the left; for obvious reasons the musicians do their duty on this occasion from a safe distance.

A halt was made in front of the church, where, to satisfy tradition, the last dances were danced before the wondering eyes of the assembled village. Then the guests went indoors, and dinner was served to revive their waning energies.

The festivities were brought to a close with a stroll on the shore by moonlight, which doubtless proved the opening chapter to many a new romance; and then the happy pair was conducted in triumph to the house, and there was duly serenaded with the customary Breton songs.

The *Laridé*—a circular dance.

"*La guignotte*," a figure of the Breton gavotte.

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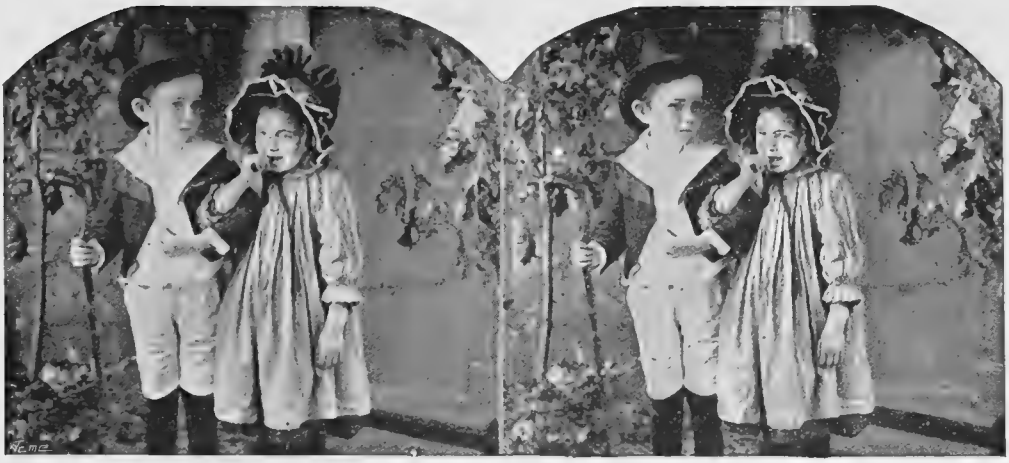

Darby and Joan.

A Shady Nook in Surbiton.

The Diver.

To be cut out and looked at through a Stereoscope, which can be supplied from the office of the ROYAL MAGAZINE, *18, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., at* 2s., *post free.*

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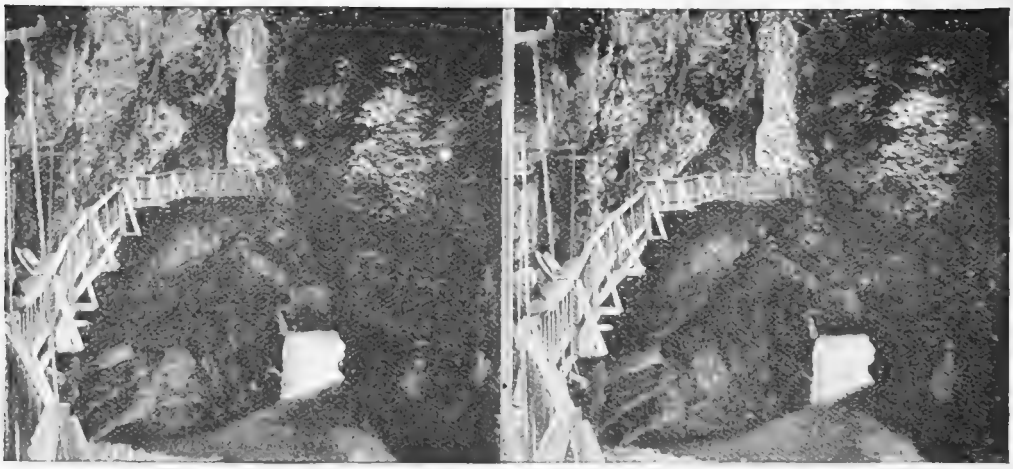
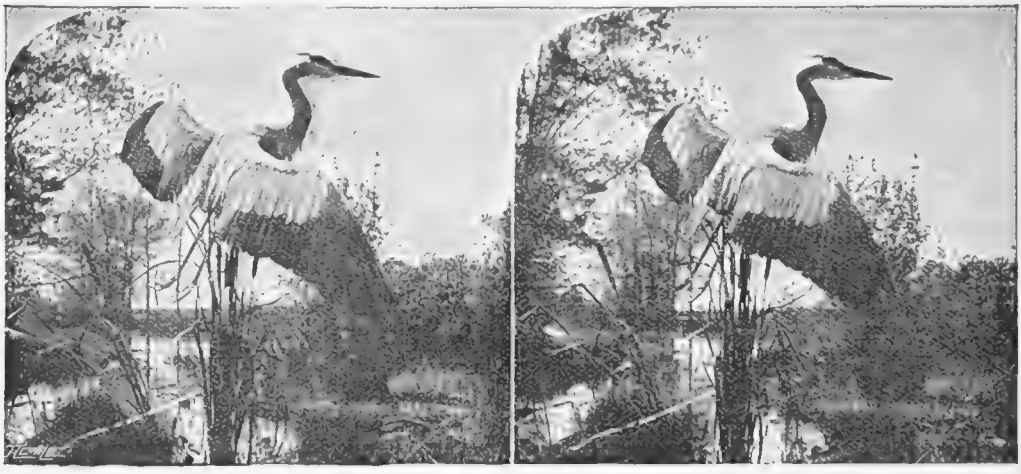
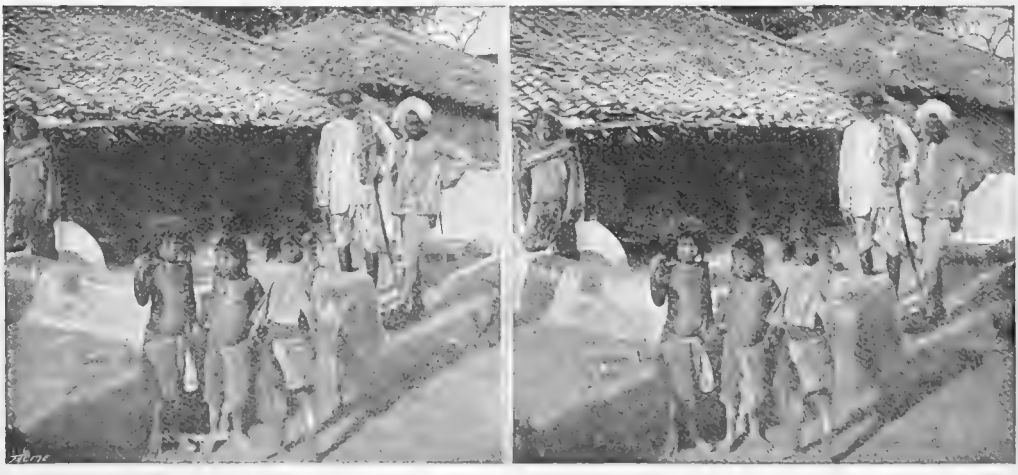


A Hanging Road.



Startled.



Indian Children and their Home.

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THE dice rattled merrily upon the table, and the two men bent over to watch the issue of the throw, their faces white with eagerness.

At last the rattle ceased—it had been one of those impetuous, half-angry throws which send the dice rolling across the board—the cubes came to a standstill, and with bated breath the men counted the fateful black dots. Then with a half-stifled oath, Stanislas de Gouville—the younger player—sank back into his chair. The muscles of his livid face were contracted for a moment as though he had been beset by physical pain—for a moment and no more. He had been a gamester too long not to have learnt how to lose like a gentleman, with smiling countenance, even though—as in the present instance—the loss might be total, irreparable and pauperising.

It was with a smile—albeit a ghastly one—that he turned again to his companion.

"I pray you forget my momentary excitement," he said wearily. "It was unworthy of me, but what would you, my dear La Fosse? I am like Francis the First after the battle of Pavia—I have lost all save honour."

La Fosse wore a look of polite contrition. There is a weighty responsibility in having diced every night for a month with a man, and in having during that time won first his money, then—steadily, yard by yard and acre by acre—the land of his estate, and, finally, his very château with all the treasures it contains. It is, perchance, a thing to be merry at, but decency forbids this mirth to be indulged in the presence of the vanquished. And so, albeit happy enough at heart, La Fosse's breeding compelled him to look glum and pained. He was anxious to quit Gouville's society; but here again politeness interfered, for the house was his, and he might not order Gouville to leave.

Stanislas de Gouville, on the other hand, showed scant eagerness to be gone. He sat in his chair, toying listlessly with the dice-box, which he had not relinquished since his last disastrous throw, and wondering vaguely how he would live henceforth—or whether he would live at all. He thought too—and this was the bitterest thought that could beset him—of the beautiful and queenly Mademoiselle de Grandcourt, and of how he must now abandon all hopes of ever winning her for his wife.

He tilted the dice-box upwards, and gazed for a moment into it with vacant eye; then flinging the cursed thing that had wrought his ruin, on to the table, he gave vent to a mirthless laugh.

"La Fosse," he cried in a voice that was curiously playful, "has your good fortune made you dumb? *St. Gris*, but you are the dullest fellow I ever sat with."

"What would you?" deprecated La Fosse with a shrug.

"What would I? I would see you merry. In Heaven's name let us have more Armagnac. That bottle has stood empty for the last half-hour."

La Fosse mumbled an apology for his abstraction, and more wine was brought, of which he drank half a goblet. Gouville finished the bottle quietly, unconsciously, and babbling away at scraps of court gossip the while. And gradually as he drank, the ice of misery that had gathered round his heart was thawed, and he became again the

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"This," he said, taking up his sword and holding it aloft, "is my only possession."

merry, reckless Stanislas, to whom it was said, belonged the wittiest tongue and sharpest sword at the court of Louis XIV.

Bottle followed bottle, and at last, as midnight was striking from the belfry of St. Jacques, Gouville staggered to his feet, and passing his hand across his forehead mumbled something about having drunk overmuch. As he rose, André de La Fosse, who had sat silent and pensive for the last quarter of an hour, rose also.

"Let me express my regret, Stanislas," he murmured not unkindly, "at the scurvy treatment you have suffered at the hands of fortune. Come, *mon ami*, better luck next time!"

Stanislas gazed vacantly round the richly furnished room, then laughed.

"Too late, La Fosse, too late," he answered. "There will be no next time. This," he added, taking up his sword from a chair, and holding it aloft by the baldrick—"is my last and only possession. It is the only piece of value saved from the wreck of my fortunes, and, I take it, La Fosse," he concluded flippantly, "that you are not in want of a rapier."

La Fosse answered nothing for a moment. Then with a quick exclamation, such as escapes a man who is suddenly smitten by a great idea—

"God knows I am!" he cried. "I *am* in want of a rapier—of *your* rapier, Stanislas."

Gouville stared at him for a moment, incredulous.

"Then, by the Mass, there it is," and he dropped it with a clatter on the table. "How much will you stake against it? Say fifty pistoles—the hilt alone is worth as much—'twas chiselled by Le Cannu."

La Fosse went white to the lips.

"Not fifty pistoles, but fifty thousand. Nay more—I'll stake everything that I have won from you during the past month. Every acre of your estate in Normandy will I lay against that sword of yours on a single throw."

Stanislas drew his hand across his brow, as if to brush aside some unseen mist that clogged his understanding, and stared with drunken solemnity at his companion.

"And yet, La Fosse," he said in a puzzled tone, "it did not seem to me that you drank over much to-night. But perchance I did not notice."

"Oh, I am sober enough, Gouville, never fear."

"You are, eh? Then, by my life, *I* must be more drunk than I had thought. Did you say something just now about dicing for my sword?"

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In a voice that shook with excitement, La Fosse repeated his preposterous offer.

"Perdition take me if I understand how a sword can be of such value to you."

"Not *a* sword, Stanislas, but *your* sword. *Your* sword with your unerring arm and brain to guide it."

"*Peste!* I understand. You have an enemy."

La Fosse nodded.

"Well—you wear a sword yourself."

"Aye, but a useless one in this matter. Sit down and listen to me," he cried excitedly. "To begin with I am in love."

"You are wasting words, La Fosse. It goes without saying, that in a case of this character there must be a woman. And wherever there is a woman it is a foregone conclusion that you love her. Your susceptibilities are proverbial, *mon cher*."

"Possibly," said La Fosse — too eager now to entertain resentment. "But the present affair is no jest. It is my intention to make Mademoiselle—er—the lady in question, my wife. Unfortunately, that accursed bully, the Marquis de Belcourt, is of a like mind touching the same lady, and to gain his ends he will, if necessary, have recourse to violence. Would you credit it de Gouville, that here in this very room not a fortnight ago he had the effrontery to threaten me that if I ever dared to wed her, he would send me a challenge before I left the altar?"

"What was your answer?"

"I vouchsafed him none. I ordered him from the house."

"That was well done. And now?"

"Until to-night it was my intention to disregard the threat, and, should my suit prosper—as indeed I have good reason to believe it will—to marry the lady, albeit I might leave her a widow before I took her home. I put myself in the hands of Mathurin, the fencing master; he did his best for me, but it is of no avail; I am a clumsy fool with a rapier, whilst Belcourt is with one exception the best swordsman in Paris."

"That one exception?"

"Yourself," he answered, eyeing the slender, dissipated, and almost effeminate-looking young man before him. "Ah, Gouville," he went on hurriedly," I am ashamed to crave your aid in a matter which a gentleman should settle for himself. But life is sweet—at least, it will be sweet if she is kind. You tempted me to-night when you dangled your sword in the air. The temptation has proved too much for me. I offer to stake the fortune I have won from you against this service. Nay more, Gouville, I will do this: I will set the Gouville estates against your sword. If you win, your fortune is restored to you and the matter is ended so far as it concerns you. If you lose, I claim your services to pick a quarrel with Belcourt and rid me of him, and I will give you back your estate so soon as you shall have fulfilled that part of the bargain. Whichever way the dice fall out they will set you in the position you have lost. *Allons*, Gouville, accept!"

La Fosse's accents had well nigh become a whine, and as he stopped, he held out his hands supplicatingly. But Gouville was irresponsive.

"What if by luck or skill Belcourt proves master, and runs me through?" he enquired coldly.

"I'll take the risk of that."

"*Vraiement!* It seems to me that *I* shall take the risk of that. Tell me, La Fosse," he added, "why should I not use the sword you covet, against you now? I might choose to be insulted by your proposal, and kill you for it on the spot. What then, my friend? Who would there be to say that I had ever lost the Normandy estates? Tell me; what is to impede me from doing this?"

"You are a man of honour."

"You acknowledge it, La Fosse, and yet you ask me to do the work of a common bravo? Bah!" he cried, staggering once more from his chair. "Where are the dice? You are taking an infernal advantage of me because I am drunk. But it had best be done now, for there would be no excuse for me were I sober. The dice, man, pass the dice!"

La Fosse obeyed him in silence, and with trembling fingers gathered the cubes into the box and handed it to his companion.

"*St. Gris*, have you got the palsy, La Fosse? Here goes, and may the devil help me, for he is of a certainty in the business."

He threw quick and carelessly.

"There," cried he, surveying the three aces with a scowl, "I knew it. Did you ever see ill-luck cling more fondly to a man? Do not give yourself the trouble of throwing, La Fosse. It is not worth the time you'll waste on it. Be good enough to pass me my hat and call your servant to light me down the stairs. Good-night, La Fosse," he babbled on. "I am a rich man again, but *Pardieu*, you have the best of the bargain.

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Belcourt had better make his peace with Mother Church; he'll want a shrift presently. Good-night!"

As Gouville walked home he was far from happy with himself. Cloak it as he would, the fact remained that he had accepted a bravo's task. There was a moment when he was on the point of going back to tell La Fosse that he preferred to starve in honour than to thrive with the stain of an unclean action on his escutcheon. What would Madeleine de Grandcourt say if ever she knew? But on the other hand, how could he press his suit if he were a beggar?

The thought decided him. He must pursue the road upon which Fortune and his friend, La Fosse, had thrust him that night.

Still, during the days that followed, he was loth to bring matters to an issue, and did little towards seeking a quarrel with Belcourt. Most of his time was spent in the Louvre, and—as often as she would tolerate it—at Mademoiselle de Grandcourt's side. But his wooing wore not a favourable aspect. Did he grow serious, Mademoiselle's rippling laugh would mock him. Did he wax ardent, did he attempt to speak of what was in his heart, Mademoiselle's cold glance and curling lip would freeze him into silence.

There were moments when this woman would so sting his spirit with a cruel word or glance that he wondered why he did not hate her. How often did he not register the vow to see her no more? And yet next day would find him at her side again.

He had all but forgotten the task which La Fosse had set him, and seeing that La Fosse had not the *entrée* to the Louvre, where—as I have said—the best part of Gouville's time was spent, there was not his presence to remind Stanislas of what lay between them.

They met in the Place Royale one day, about a fortnight after the compact had been made, and La Fosse chided his friend for his inertness in the matter. Gouville was out of humour at the time, fresh from the torture of Mademoiselle's indifference, and ready to shed blood—no matter whose. It needed only La Fosse's information that he had seen Belcourt enter the *auberge*

"In other words, messieurs, you have heard M. de Belcourt say that *I lie*."

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of *L'Epée de Bayard* a few minutes before, to send Stanislas hurrying to the inn in quest of the Marquis.

He found him in the common room, at table with half-a-dozen friends, and as he hurried through, he contrived to tread upon the Marquis's foot.

"You clumsy, ill-bred clown," bellowed the Marquis. "Have you no eyes?"

Stanislas turned sharply and faced the bully.

"Surely, Monsieur," he said with a calm, sinister smile, "those words were not addressed to me?"

Now a bully is wont to become a coward in the presence of a better man. Belcourt recognised Stanislas, and his manner changed with the rapidity of lightning.

"You hurt my foot, Monsieur," he made answer, "and for the moment I forgot my manners. I have no quarrel with you Monsieur de Gouville.'

"Ah! Since you apologise the affair is ended," quoth Gouville with marked impertinence; and shrugging his shoulders he turned away and seated himself at some little distance. He had expected thus to have exasperated Belcourt and provoked him into further forgetfulness; but he was disappointed. The bully reddened slightly, and followed Gouville's graceful, foppish figure with his dark, scowling eyes, but was silent.

The evident timidity which the Marquis displayed upon this occasion, proved, however, an incentive to Stanislas, who contrived thereafter to find himself as often as possible in the company of Belcourt. Three days later a fresh chance presented itself.

It was at one of St. Auban's famous supper parties; M. de Belcourt was entertaining the company with the details of a duel which had been fought the day before at St. Germain between two celebrated dandies of the court. He was describing the manner in which M. des Cazeaux had tricked his opponent so as to obtain the opening for the lunge in *tierce* which had brought the combat to an end, when Stanislas, who now heard the particulars for the first time, interrupted him.

"M. de Belcourt is mistaken," he said leaning across the table, "the lunge was not in *tierce*."

The Marquis raised his eyebrows in astonishment, and stared for a moment at the young man.

"Will M. de Gouville be pleased to tell us what the lunge was?" he enquired with a scowl.

"Certainly. It was in *quinte*."

"I will confess that the stroke was delivered rather high, nevertheless—"

"It was in *quinte*," Gouville insisted rudely.

"It was *not*," thundered Belcourt, determined not to be outdone in politeness.

There followed a dead silence whilst the two men eyed each other across the lavishly appointed table—Belcourt flushed and threatening; Gouville calm and disdainful. Then Stanislas pushed back his chair and rose slowly to his feet.

"You have heard me state, Messieurs, that the lunge we are discussing was delivered in *quinte*; you have heard M. de Belcourt say flatly that it was not. In other words, Messieurs, you have heard M. de Belcourt say *that I lie*."

"*Sangdieu*!" cried Belcourt. "You misapprehend me."

"Ah?"

"Did you witness the encounter?"

"That question should have preceded your contradiction, M. le Marquis," was Gouville's diplomatic answer. "It is now beside the matter. I have said that the lunge was in *quinte*, and if you still entertain a doubt, I shall be happy to convince you by showing you the identical disengage at any time convenient to yourself."

Those present looked askance into each other's faces; was ever an *affaire d'honneur* hung upon a weaker peg? But Belcourt's answer struck the flimsy weapon of pretext from Gouville's hand.

"Bah!" he cried, with a laugh of affected *bonhommie*. "There is no quarrel between us, M. de Gouville, and, by my faith, I do not see that a difference of opinion concerning the stroke which sent M. des Cazeaux to the devil, should occasion one. Hence I see no reason for troubling you to illustrate the lunge.'

To persist after that would be to betray his purpose, to provoke M. de Belcourt into a duel.

Bitterly did Stanislas complain to La Fosse next day of his lack of success. Belcourt was eager enough to fight as a rule, but he unquestionably stood in awe of Gouville, and was determined at any cost to avoid a rupture with him.

Fortune appeared to have churlishly turned her back upon Stanislas, and he fared as ill in love as at play and in war.

His Grace the Duc de Sauveterre gave a great ball during the following week to celebrate the *fiançailles* of his eldest son. The court was graciously pleased to attend

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the *fête*, which accounted for the presence at the Palais Sauveterre of both Mademoiselle de Grandcourt and M. de Gouville. M. le Marquis de Belcourt was also there, resplendent in a suit of white satin, and intent upon avoiding Stanislas—a precaution which he might have spared himself, for Gouville was too eager upon a quest of his own to even remark his presence.

When Mademoiselle whispered to him that the heat was stifling and that a breath of cool air would be a boon, Stanislas realised that for once the gods were kind. He offered her his arm, and led her from the gaily thronged ball-room out on to the terrace.

The moon was up and the tepid breath of that summer night was sweetened by the scent of the rose garden beyond. As he sank down beside her upon the stone seat, Stanislas felt himself overcome by the seductions of the hour, the scene, the perfume, the music floating out to them from the windows behind, and—to crown all—by her beloved presence.

And she—she too appeared to be under the magnetic spell of her surroundings, and when he spoke, softly at first, then passionately and convincingly, she did not interrupt him with her wonted raillery Yet when he had done, and stood bending over her—so close that for a moment his long black locks were mingled with her auburn hair—and craved, with suppliance in his tone, an answer, she drew away with a merry laugh.

"You are a pretty fellow, M. de Gouville," she said airily, "truly the prettiest I know, and you have a vastly seductive tongue. But what you ask is impossible."

Gouville was crushed. His ready wit found no reply, and he stood with bowed head and clenched hands cursing the presumption that had bidden him hope to win where so many better men had failed. Was it for this that he bartered the honour of his sword?

"You are a courtier, M. de Gouville," Mademoiselle pursued, "and I do not want a courtier for a husband."

He found his tongue at last, stung to anger by her heartlessness.

"Had I foreseen, Mademoiselle, that your ambition is to wed a churl, I should have spared you this interview."

"So! We are angry now? Nay, nay, not a churl, Monsieur," she answered sweetly, "but a brave man; a bold, daring, manly man; not a man with two yards of lace and a score of ribbons to his doublet, and with the perfumes of a dozen bouquets in his dainty clothes."

"Duguesclin has been dead some centuries, Mademoiselle," he said in a hard voice, "did he still live you might hope some day to marry. We had best go within."

There was a commanding note in his voice which was new to Madeleine, and which made her will subservient to his. Meekly she rose, and taking his arm without another word, allowed herself to be led into the ante-chamber, where he bowed with averted eyes, and left her

With fire in his bosom, Stanislas went forthwith in quest of Belcourt. Whilst the mood endured that was then upon him he felt little doubt but that he should be able to force a quarrel upon the Marquis and thus fulfil the compact upon which he had entered with La Fosse. With bitterness he thought of the motives that had urged him to undertake the task and of the disappointment he had suffered, but, albeit a motive there no longer was, there was still his plighted word, and—even had that been lacking—there was the angry mood that beset him and drove him with ferocious joy to meditate bloodshed

But again fortune showed him scant favour. Belcourt was nowhere to be found. From room to room he went seeking that conspicuous figure in white that he had remarked earlier in the evening, yet ever without success.

He made inquiries, and learnt at length that M. le Marquis had left the Palais Sauveterre an hour ago. Whither he had gone his informer could not tell him, so that Gouville was forced to set a curb upon his impatience and abandon, for the while, his quest.

The light and mirth about him being ill-attuned to his mood, he wandered out into the garden again, and there flung himself upon the very seat where but awhile ago his suit had been derided.

Hardly was he seated when the gravel behind him crunched 'neath an approaching step, and——

"Do you seek M. de Belcourt?" said a man's voice at his elbow.

"I do, indeed," he answered, turning sharply and beholding to his surprise a lacquey, "can you tell me where I may find him?"

"I escorted him to his carriage half an hour ago, Monsieur; he was met by two men to whom I heard him give as a *rendez-vous* the Rue du Guet at midnight."

In an instant Gouville was upon his feet, and, having rewarded the fellow for his information, he went within to get his cloak and

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The sword glided under the fellow's guard, and the deadly point caught him in the throat.

sword. It wanted a quarter of an hour to midnight, so that there was just time for him to reach the Rue du Guet afoot.

He dismissed his carriage at the door of the Palais Sauveterre, feeling himself beset by that restlessness which impels a man to physical action. Thinking of many things, and cursing most, he stalked moodily along until he had reached the corner of the Rue du Guet, when suddenly his attention was arrested by a woman's cry for help. As he paused to listen, the cry was repeated, and so piteously that it drove all thought of Belcourt from Gouville's mind, and without another moment's delay, he set off at a run in the direction of the sound, drawing his sword as he went.

Not two hundred yards down the street he came upon a coach, from which three men were endeavouring to drag a resisting woman. The body of a man lay inert upon the ground, and Stanislas was quick to surmise him to be the luckless coachman.

He was upon the ruffians before they suspected his approach, and had run his sword through the nearest of them ere the fellow could draw.

Alarmed by this sudden and unlooked-for interference, the other two sprang back from the coach, and one of them plucking a pistol from his belt fired upon the intruder. But in his haste he aimed too high, and before he could repair his error the point of Gouville's sword was protruding from his back.

So quickly had it all taken place that Stanislas had disengaged his blade and stood ready for the third, before the fellow had got out his sword. He might have fallen upon him and slain him before he could guard himself, but his chivalrous spirit withheld him from taking so mean an advantage of a single man. He lowered his point and surveyed the tall, lithe figure before him, vainly endeavouring to pierce the shadows which the man's hat cast upon his face.

"Draw, sir," he cried, "I await you."

The man was quick to comply with so gallant an invitation, and the next moment their blades clashed. It was a short combat, though the tall man fought well and fiercely. Stanislas was his master and presently his sword glided in under the fellow's guard, and the deadly point caught him in the throat. He fell without a groan, and, as Stanislas knelt to see if he were dead, a cry of surprise

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escaped him, as there in the moonlight he beheld the livid, distorted face, and staring eyes of the Marquis de Belcourt. The *rendez-vous* which the lacquey told him Belcourt had appointed was suddenly remembered, and, in a flash, he understood the situation.

Then, before he had recovered from his astonishment, he felt a hand upon his shoulder.

"Bravely fought, my gallant knight! You were wrong, Duguesclin still lives, but his name to-day is Stanislas de Gouville."

In an instant he was upon his feet.

"*You!*" he gasped, at sight of the girl who stood before him with hands held forth in a mute appeal for comfort and forgiveness. For a moment the memory of their last words rose up before him, and he stood aloof and half disdainful. Then her glorious beauty and the look in her eyes defeated his ungentle purpose. He opened his arms and took her, half laughing, half sobbing, into their shelter.

"My note of hand, La Fosse," cried Stanislas gaily next morning as he burst in upon his friend. "I have fulfilled my part of the bargain. *St. Gris*, I was in luck last night! The same blow that killed Belcourt won me the heart of the loveliest woman in France."

And briefly he related what had taken place.

"'Tis passing strange," murmured La Fosse with a clouded brow. "Who is the lady?"

"Fool! Did I not say the loveliest woman in France? Mademoiselle de Grandcourt."

With ashen face La Fosse turned hastily towards a small *sécretaire*, from which he took a paper.

"There is your note of hand for the Normandy estates, Gouville. I thank you for ridding me of Belcourt," he continued, mastering his agitation, "and with all my heart I wish you joy of your conquest."

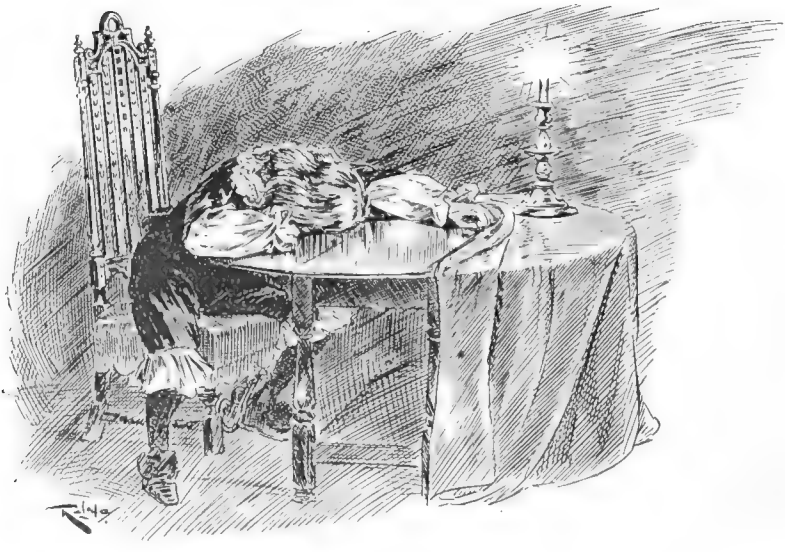
Gouville crumpled the scrap of paper into his pocket with a smile.

"*Au révoir, mon ami*," he cried, putting forth his hand, "and may your suit prosper as well as mine, now that the obstacle is removed from your path."

La Fosse took the proffered hand, and answered his unsuspecting friend with a brave smile.

But when Stanislas was gone, and La Fosse was alone with his feelings, he gave vent to a bitter laugh at the irony of it all. He had restored a fortune to the bankrupt Stanislas as the price at which he was to remove the man who opposed his wooing of Madeleine de Grandcourt, and whilst Stanislas had accomplished this, he had wooed and won the lady for himself.

Sinking into a chair André de La Fosse buried his face in his hands, and cursed the fates that had played him so scurvy a trick.



André la Fosse buried his face in his hands and cursed the fates that had played him so scurvy a trick.

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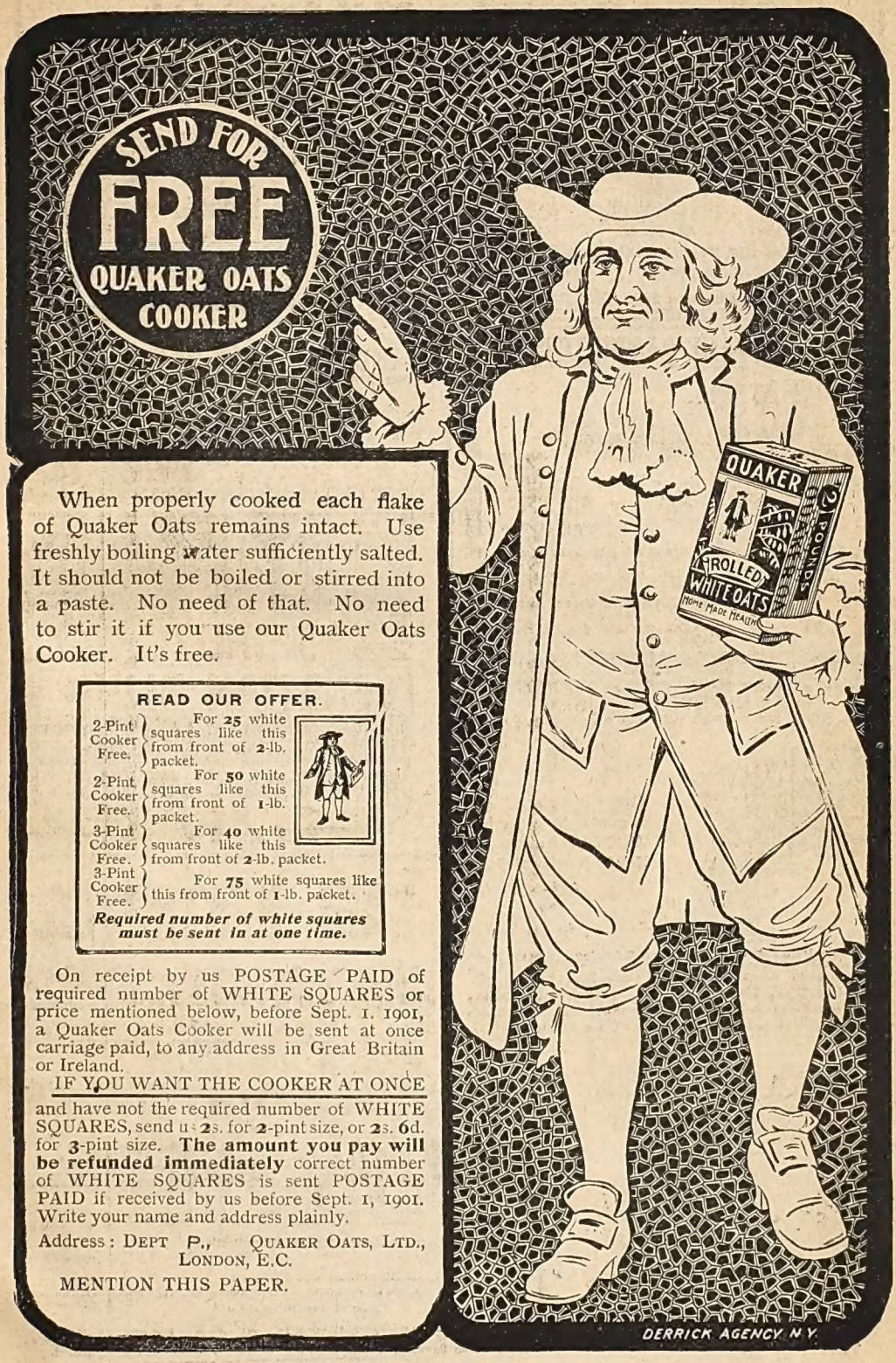

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